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**THE HOWLER**  
VOLUME FIFTEEN  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN





# The Howler

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VOLUME FIFTEEN

NINETEEN SEVENTEEN



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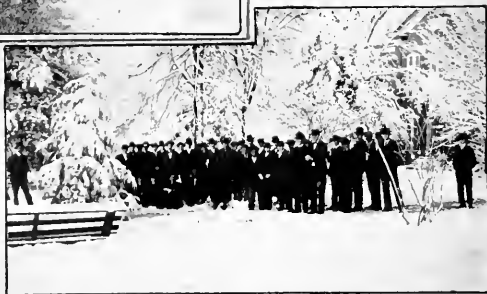
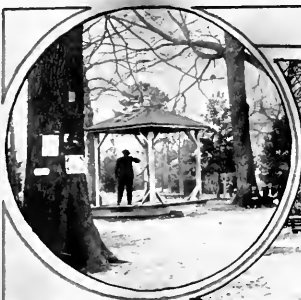
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FOREST COLLEGE

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THE CHURCH



TO

**JOHN HOSEA KERR, B.A.**

DISTINGUISHED CITIZEN, ELOQUENT ORATOR, BRILLIANT LAWYER  
LOYAL SON OF WAKE FOREST

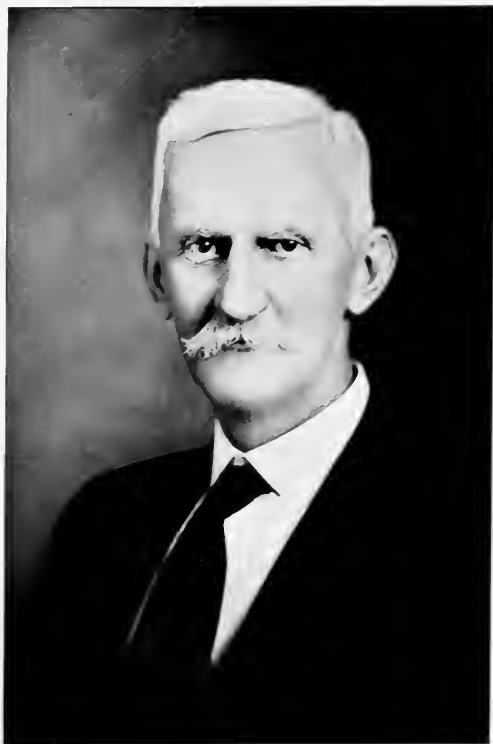
THIS NUMBER OF THE HOWLER IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
BY THE EDITORS



John Hosea Kerr was born at Yanceyville, Caswell County, December 31, 1873; graduated from Wake Forest College, 1895; member of the first Law Class organized at Wake Forest; first licensed lawyer from the Wake Forest Law Department to begin the practice of Law in North Carolina; located in Warrenton, 1895; thrice unanimously elected Solicitor of the Second and Third Judicial Districts; elected Judge of the Third Judicial District, 1916.



THE PRESIDENT



THE DEAN



THE FACULTY



# Faculty

WILLIAM L. POTEAT, M.A., LL.D., — — — PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY

*President*

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1877; M.A., 1889; Graduate Student, University of Berlin, 1888; Graduate Student, Woods Holl Biological Laboratory, 1893; Professor of Biology, Wake Forest College, 1883; LL.D., Baylor University, 1905; LL.D., University of North Carolina, 1906; President Wake Forest College, 1905

WILLIAM B. ROYALL, M.A., D.D., LL.D.,  
PROFESSOR OF GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1861; M.A., 1866; D.D., Judson College, 1887, LL.D., Furman University, 1907; Assistant Professor, Wake Forest College, 1866-1870, Professor of Greek, *ibid.*, 1870

BENJAMIN SLEDD, M.A., Litt.D., — PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

M.A., Washington and Lee University, 1886; Litt.D., *ibid.*, 1906; Graduate Student, Teutonic Languages, Johns Hopkins University, 1886-1887, Headmaster of Languages, Charlotte Hall School, Md., 1887-1888; Professor of Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1888-1894; Traveling Fellow of The Albert Kahn Foundation, 1914-1915; Lecturer, Summer School, University of North Carolina, 1916; Professor of English, Wake Forest College, 1894

JOHN F. LAMNEAU, M.A., LL.D., — PROFESSOR OF APPLIED MATHEMATICS AND ASTRONOMY

Graduate, South Carolina Military Academy, 1856; M.A., Baylor University, 1899; LL.D., Furman University, 1915; Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, Furman University, 1866-1868; Professor of Mathematics, William Jewell College, 1868; Professor of Physics and Applied Mathematics, Wake Forest College, 1890; Professor of Applied Mathematics and Astronomy, *ibid.*, 1899

NEELDHAM Y. GULLEY, M.A., LL.D., — PROFESSOR OF LAW

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1879; LL.D., *ibid.*, 1914; Member State Legislature, 1885; Member of N. C. Code Commission, 1903-1906; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1894

J. HENDREN GORRELL, M.A., Ph.D., — PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES

M.A., Washington and Lee University, 1890; Assistant Professor, *ibid.*, 1890-1891, Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1891; Professor of Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1894

WILLIS R. CULLOM, M.A., Th.D., D.D., — PROFESSOR OF THE BIBLE

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1892; Assistant Professor, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, 1893-1896; Th.D., *ibid.*, 1903; Professor of the Bible, Wake Forest College, 1896; D.D., Richmond College, 1915.

JAMES L. LAKE, M.A., - - -

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS

M.A., Richmond College, 1882; Graduate Student in Mathematics, Johns Hopkins University, 1890-1893; Professor of Natural Science, Bethel College, 1893-1896; Fellow in Physics, University of Chicago, 1896-1898; Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Ursinus College, 1898-1899; Professor of Physics, Wake Forest College, 1899.

J. HENRY HIGGINSMITH, M.A., - - -

PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION AND PHILOSOPHY

A.B., Trinity College, Durham, N. C., 1900; A.M., 1902; Principal, Grammar School, Durham, N. C., 1901-1904; Graduate Scholar, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1904-1906; Professor of Philosophy and Bible, Baptist University for Women, Raleigh, N. C., 1906-1907; Professor of Education, Wake Forest College, 1907; Professor of Education and Philosophy, 1915.

EDGAR W. TIMBERLAKE, JR., B.A., LL.B., - - - -

PROFESSOR OF LAW

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1901; Professor of English and Greek, Oak Ridge Institute, 1901-1903; LL.B., University of Virginia, 1905; Associate Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1906; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1909.

WILLIAM TURNER CARSTARPHEN, B.A., M.D.,

PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY AND PHARMACOLOGY

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1897; M.D., Jefferson Medical College, 1904; Graduate Student *ibid.*, 1910; Professor of Physiology, Wake Forest College, 1910.

GEORGE W. PASCHALL, B.A., Ph.D., - - -

PROFESSOR OF LATIN AND GREEK

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1892; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1893-1896; Fellow in Greek, *ibid.*, 1899-1900; Ph.D., *ibid.*, 1900; Associate Professor of Latin and Greek, Wake Forest College, 1906-1911; Professor of Latin and Greek, *ibid.*, 1911.

HUBERT McNEILL POTEAT, M.A., Ph.D., PROFESSOR OF LATIN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1906; M.A., *ibid.*, 1908; Instructor in Latin, *ibid.*, 1905-1908; Drisler Fellow in Classical Philology, Columbia University, 1908-1910; Master in Latin, The Hotchkiss School, 1910-1912; Ph.D., Columbia University, 1912; Professor of Latin, Wake Forest College, 1912.

HUBERT A. JONES, M.A., LL.B., - - - -

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1908; M.A., *ibid.*, LL.B., *ibid.*, 1909; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1910-1911; Graduate Student, Columbia University, 1913; Instructor in Mathematics, Wake Forest College, 1908-1911; Associate Professor of Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1911; Professor of Mathematics, 1915; Graduate Student, Columbia University, 1916.

JOHN W. NOWELL, M.A., Ph.D., - - - -

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1903; M.A., *ibid.*, 1909; Instructor in Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1909-1910; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1912; Instructor in Chemistry, N. C. College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, 1912-1914; Associate Professor of Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1914; Professor of Chemistry, 1915.

C. CHILTON PEARSON, M.A., Ph.D., — — — PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

M.A., Richmond College, 1904; Head of Department of History, Richmond High School; Graduate Student, Columbia University, 1908-1909; Farnam Fellow in History, Yale University, 1910-1911; Instructor in History, *ibid.*, 1911-1912; Ph.D., *ibid.*, 1913; Acting Professor of History, Washington and Lee University, 1913-1914; Associate Professor of Political Science, Wake Forest College, 1916; Professor of Political Science, *ibid.*, 1917.

G. ALFRED AIKEN, M.D., — — — — — PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY

M.D., University (Missouri) Medical College, 1911; Intern, Kansas City General Hospital 1908-1909; Night Surgeon Kansas City General Hospital, 1910; Surgeon to Missouri Pacific, St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad, 1911-1916; Professor of Anatomy, Wake Forest College, 1916.

EUGENE A. CASE, M.D., — — — — — PROFESSOR OF PATHOLOGY AND BACTERIOLOGY

M.D., Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, 1908; Assistant Demonstrator, Demonstrator, Adjunct Professor and Associate Professor of Pathology, Medico-Chirurgical College, 1908-1916; Assistant Pathologist to Philadelphia General Hospital, 1909-1916; Pathologist to Howard Hospital, Philadelphia, 1915-1916; Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology, Wake Forest College, 1916.

ROBERT BRUCE WHITE, M.A., — — — — — PROFESSOR OF LAW

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1891; Graduate Student in Law, *ibid.*, 1895-1897; Superintendent of Public Instruction, Franklin County, 1899-1914; State Senator, 1903 and 1905; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1916.

ELMER W. SYDNOR, B.A., M.A., — — — ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AND GERMAN

B.A., Richmond College, 1911; M.A., Columbia University, 1916; Principal in Virginia, North View High School, 1911-1913; Varina High School, 1913-1914; Venter High School, 1914-1916; Associate Professor of English and German, Wake Forest College, 1916.

J. RICHARD CROZIER, B.S., — — — — — DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

Director of Physical Culture, Wake Forest College, 1904; Graduate of Harvard University Summer School of Physical Education, 1913; B.S., Wake Forest College, 1915.

ELLIOTT B. EARNSHAW, B.A., M.A., — — — BURSAR AND SECRETARY, SUPERINTENDENT OF COLLEGE HOSPITAL

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1906; M.A., *ibid.*, 1908; Instructor in Mathematics and Acting Bursar, Wake Forest College, 1906-1907; Bursar and Secretary, *ibid.*, 1907; Superintendent of College Hospital, *ibid.*, 1911.

MRS. ETHEL T. CRITTENDEN, — — — — — LIBRARIAN

F. W. CARROLL, B.A., — — — INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS AND ASSISTANT TO THE DEAN

W. G. DOTSON, B.A., — — — INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS AND CHEMISTRY



## CAMPUS SCENES







DR. HUBERT M. POTEAT  
*Faculty Editor*

# FOREWORD

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With sympathy towards all its readers, and with malice towards none, this, the fifteenth volume of THE HOWLER, presents itself to the public. The task of compilation has been tedious, but not unpleasant. The completed work is submitted with a plea for lenity from those whose patience will be abused by its many shortcomings. The editors have sought to make an acceptable representation of the life of the College. If the attempt but meets with approval in the eyes of any of those who hold kindly interest in the College, the task will be well rewarded





A.H. CASEY  
PHI. SOPH. ED'T.



H.H. HEAFNER  
EU. SENIOR ED'T.



J.S. BREWER  
BUS. MGR.



C.L. PLUNKET  
ART ED'T.



S.S. MEER  
ASST. BUS. MGR.

THE HOWLER STAFF





F. W. SPEIGHT  
ART EDT.



Z. P. MITCHELL  
EU. JUN. EDT.



H. T. SHANKS  
PHI. JUN. EDT.



J. A. GIVENS  
EDT. - IN - CHIEF

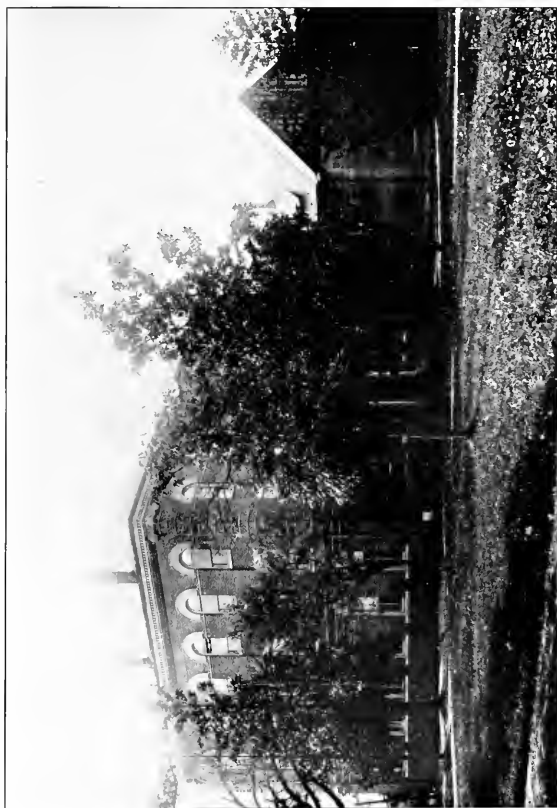


C. C. RUSS  
PHI. SENIOR EDT.

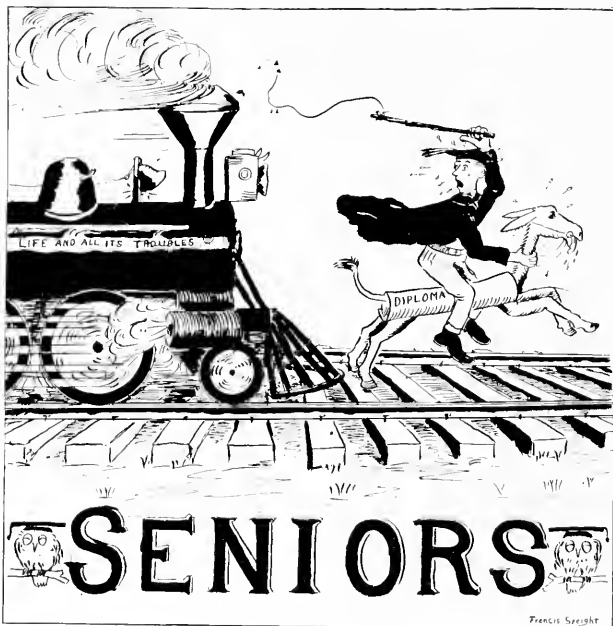


C. C. BURRIS  
EU. SENIOR EDT.

THE HOWLER STAFF



# The Classes





BOYD  
POET



TALLY  
ORATOR



WHITE  
PRES.



EDDINS  
SECT.



BREWER  
HISTORIAN



BEST  
V. PRES.



HOGGOOD  
PROPHECY



EADDY  
TESTATOR

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



MISS MARY ALLEN  
*Sponsor*  
SENIOR CLASS



ARTHUR A. ARONSON, LL.B., PH.D.  
Raleigh, North Carolina

Age 21, height 6 feet 1 inch, weight 190.

*"A man of courage never wants a weapon."*

Licensed Attorney, '16; Associate Justice Moot Court, '16-'17; Football Squad, '16; Member Honor Committee, '16-'17.

CECIL GRAHAM BEST, B.A., PH.D.  
Warsaw, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 9½ inches, weight 135.

*"It well befits a man to be at ease."*

President Duplin County Club, '16-'17; President Tennis Club, '16-'17; Varsity Tennis Team, '16; Vice-President Senior Class, '16-'17.





GILBERT M. BILLINGS, B.S., EU. AND MED.  
Raleigh, North Carolina

Age 25, height 6 feet  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch, weight 160.

*"With us ther was a Doctour of Phisyk,  
In al this world ne was ther noon him lyk  
To speak of phisik and of surgerye."*

Varsity Football, '11-'12-'13-'14; Varsity Baseball, '12-'13-'14-'15; Captain Baseball Team, '13; Varsity Basket Ball, '13-'14-'15; Captain Basket Ball Team, '14; Captain Baseball Team, '15; Coach Football Team, '16; Coach Baseball Team, '16-'17; Poet Medical Class, '16; B.A., '15.

JOHN ASHCRAFT BIVENS, B.A., EU.  
Union County, North Carolina

Age 20, height 6 feet, weight 155.

*"A learned man has always riches in himself."*

Treasurer Scholarship Club, '14-'15; Manager Teachers' Baseball Team, '16; Junior Baseball, '16; Chief Commencement Marshal, '16; Editor-in-Chief *The Howler*, '16-'17; Assistant in German, '16, '17.







J. GRADY BOOE, B.S., PH.D. AND MED.  
Cana, North Carolina

Age 24, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 140.

*"Not so good-looking, but cute—oh Lord!"*

Medical Class Surgeon, '16-'17; Medical Librarian, '16-'17; B.A., 1916.



J. H. R. BOOTH, B.S., PH.D. AND MED.  
Lemon Springs, North Carolina

Age 24, height 5 feet 4 inches, weight 130.

*"Every man's reason is every man's oracle."*

Prophet Medical Class, '16-'17.



BASIL MANLY BOYD, B.A., LL.B., Eu.  
Charlotte, North Carolina

Age 24, height 5 feet 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches, weight 152.

*"Debater, lawyer, man of letters."*

Vice-President Class, '13-'14; Class Football Team, '14; Junior-Sophomore Debate, '14; Winner J. L. Allen Orator's Medal, '15; Alternate Wake Forest-Richmond Debate, '15; Debater Wake Forest-Richmond Debate, '16; Assistant Manager Varsity Baseball, '15-'16; Member Student Senate, '15-'16; Member Political Science Club, '17; Poet Senior Class, '17; Debater Wake Forest-Colgate University Debate, '17; Licensed Attorney, '17.



JAMES P. BRASSFIELD, LL.B., Eu.  
Neuse, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 172.

*"Bold of your worthiness, we single you as our best-moving fair solicitor."*



J. STREET BREWER, B.S., PH.D. AND MED.  
Roseboro, North Carolina

Age 21, height 6 feet, weight 167.

*"He was a man, take him far all in all."*

Marshal Society Day, '14; Secretary Society Day, '15; Member Student Senate, '15-'16; Historian Senior Class, '16-'17; Historian Medical Class, '16-'17; Treasurer Medical Society, '16; Business Manager *The Howler*, '16-'17; President Mission Study Class, '15-'16; Manager Junior Football Team, '15; Football Squad, '14; President William Edgar Marshall, Jr., Medical Society, '17.

ROSWELL S. BRITTON, B.A., FR.  
Soochow, China

Age 19, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 135.

*"Literature is the greatest of all sources of refined pleasure."*

Member Glee Club, '14-'15-'16-'17; Assistant Manager Glee Club, '15-'16-'17; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '15-'16-'17; Assistant in Department of Mathematics, '15-'16; Winner *The Student* Essay Medal, '16; President Mars Hill Club, '16-'17; Associate Editor *Old Gold and Black*, '16-'17; Editor-in-Chief *The Student*, '16-'17; Member of Class Baseball Team, Track Squad, and Tennis Club.





DAVID ERNEST BUCKNER, B.A., PH.D.  
Mammdale, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 165.

*"To know*

*That which before us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom."*

Baseball Squad, '13-'14; Sophomore Baseball Team, '14-'15; Teachers' Baseball Team, '14-'15; Senior Basket Ball Team, '16-'17; Member *The Howler* Staff, '15-'16; Assistant Librarian, '16-'17; Bursar Scrub Faculty, '16-'17; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association, '16-'17; Member Honor Committee, '16-'17.

CRAVEN CULLOM BURRIS, B.A., Et.  
Stanly County, North Carolina

Age 25, height 5 feet 9  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches, weight 150.

*"Know then thyself, presume not God to scorn!  
The proper study of mankind is man."*

Member Glee Club, '16-'17; Track Squad, '16-'17; Ministerial Class Baseball, '15-'16-'17; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '16-'17; Poet Ministerial Class, '16-'17; Senior Editor *The Howler*, '16-'17.





C. E. BYRD, B.A., PH.D.  
Morrisville, N. C.

Age 27, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 143.

*"I promise made is a debt unpaid."*

Varsity Track Team, '14-'15; Inter-class Track Meet, '16-'17.



JOHN D. CANADY, LL.B., PH.D.  
Hope Mills, North Carolina

Age 24, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 175.

*"The best of men have ever loved repose."*

Anniversary Marshal, '13-'14; Associate Editor  
*The Howler*, '14-'15; Assistant in Law, '15-'16.



IRVING EDWARD CARLYLE, B.A., PH.D.  
Wake Forest, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 145.

*"A small number of men think for the million,  
Through them the million speak and act."*

Marshal Sophomore-Junior Debate, '13; Captain Freshman Basket Ball Team, '13-'14; Manager Freshman Baseball Team, '13-'14; Treasurer Sophomore Class, '14-'15; Varsity Baseball Team, '15-'16-'17; Varsity Basket Ball Team, '16-'17; Sophomore-Junior Debater, '15; Manager Football Team, '16; Debate Council, '15; Secretary Debate Council, '16; Associate Editor *The Student*, '16; Alternate Wake Forest vs. Baylor University Debate, '17.

LOUIS W. CHAPPELL, B.A., EV  
Belvidere, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 135.

*"High erected thoughts sealed in a heart of courtesy."*

Public Debater, '14-'15; First Debater Society Day, '15-'16; Manager Allen Club, '16-'17; Member Student Senate, '16-'17.





MARK DANIEL CLAYTON, LL.B., PHI.  
Brevard, North Carolina

Age 25, height 6 feet, weight 180.

*"Better not be at all than not be noble."*



JESSE F. COLSTON, B.A., EV  
Northampton County, North Carolina

Age 27, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 115.

*"A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,  
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage."*



PAUL S. DANIEL, B.A., Ph.  
Oxford, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 9½ inches, weight 152.

*"Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids!  
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall."*

Anniversary Marshal, '14; Assistant Manager Track Team, '14-'15; Manager Track Team, '15-'16; Varsity Track Team, '14-'15-'16-'17; Class Basket Ball, '15-'16; Class Baseball, '16; Secretary Y. M. C. A., '15-'16; Anniversary Debater, '16, President Berean Class, '16.



J. BLAINE DAVIS, B.A., Ph.  
Northside, North Carolina

Age 27, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 160.

*"And another said, I have married a wife."*

Society Day Orator, '16-'17.





EUGENE CONRADY DENTON, B.A., Ec.  
Morganton, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches, weight 160.

*"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew."*

Anniversary Marshal, '16; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '15-'16-'17; Vice-President Ministerial Class, '16-'17; President Anniversary Debate, '17; President Berean Class, '17.

A. Y. DOWELL, B.A., Phi.  
Ayden, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches, weight 150.

*"Then fly betimes, for only they conquer love that run  
away."*

Varsity Track Team, '15-'16-'17; Class Basketball, '15-'16-'17; Chief Marshal Society Day, '16; Raleigh Road Race, '16; North Carolina Cross Country Run, '16; Varsity Basket Ball, '17.





GEO. H. EADDY, B.A., Phil.  
Cades, South Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 143.

*"Work is honorable, perseverance wins."*

Secretary and Treasurer Student Volunteer Band, '14-'15; Treasurer B. Y. P. U., '14-'15; Inter-sectional Debater, '15-'16; Prophet Ministerial Class, '15-'16; Testator Senior Class, '16-'17.



G. E. EDDINS, B.A., Ev.  
Palmerville, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 155.

*"One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die."*

President Mission Study Class, '16; Society Day Orator, '16; Licensed Attorney, '16; Secretary Senior Class, '17; Member Debate Council, '16-'17; Assistant in Education and Philosophy, '16-'17.



J. BAIRD EDWARDS, B.A., LL.B., Esq.  
Mars Hill, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 140.

*"In the scale of destinies, brawn will never weigh as much as brain."*

Sophomore-Junior Debater, '13-'14; Member Honor Committee, '14-'15; President Junior Class, '14-'15; Anniversary Debater, '14-'15; Cheer Leader '16-'17; Associate Editor *Old Gold and Black*, '16-'17; Wake Forest-Baylor University Debater, '17; Member Political Science Club, '17.



M. W. EGGERTON, LL.B., Esq.  
Hendersonville, North Carolina

Age 19, height 6 feet, weight 165

*"Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays."*

Member Glee Club, '13-'17; Licensed Attorney, '17.



WILLIAM ANDERSON ELAM, B.A., Ec.  
Lawndale, North Carolina

Height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 188.

*"A good man never dies."*

W. T. FOREMAN, B.A., Ec.  
Stanly County, North Carolina

Age 24, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 175.

*"A glass is good, and a lass is good,  
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather!  
The world is good, and the people are good,  
And we're all good fellows together."*

Class Football, '13-'14; Freshman Medal, '14;  
Scrub Football, '15-'16; Varsity Football, '16-'17;  
Vice-President Student Athletic Association, '16-  
'17; Licensed Attorney, '17





HOWITT H. FOSTER, B.S., EC. AND MED.  
Branchville, Virginia

Age 21, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 140

*"The praise of the physician is the recovery of the patient."*

President Medical Society, '16-'17; Secretary Medical Class, '16-'17.

REMUS JAMES HALL, B.A., PH.D.  
Kerr, North Carolina

Age 26, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 160.

*"His work counts most who labors every day."*

Leader Mission Study Group, '13-'14-'15; Secretary Anniversary Debate, '17; Member Honor Committee, '16-'17.





HENRY H. HAMILTON, B.A., Phi.  
Chalybeate Springs, North Carolina

Age 24, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 174.

*"Self confidence is the first requisite to great understanding."*

Treasurer Teachers' Class, '15-'16; Class Baseball, '15-'16; President Teachers' Class, '16-'17.

WILLIAM ALBERT BARRIS, M.A., Phi.  
Cherokee County, South Carolina

Age 19, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 155.

*"Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."*

Chairman Student Senate, '16-'17; Varsity Football, '16-'17; Varsity Baseball, '16-'17; Varsity Track Team, '16-'17.





JAMES M. HAYES, B.A., Phil.

Age 24, height 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches, weight 172.

*"Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest."*

Sophomore Commencement Marshal, '15; Sophomore Medal, '15; Inter-sectional Debate, '15; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '15-'16; President Y. M. C. A., '16-'17; First Anniversary Debater, '17; Member Debate Council, '16-'17; Assistant in Library, '16-'17; Treasurer Senior Class, '17; Vice-President Republican Club, '17.

JAMES MONTGOMERY HESTER, B.A., Phil.  
St. Pauls, North Carolina

Age 26, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 150.

*"A certain dignity of manners is absolutely necessary to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable in the world."*

Delegate Y. M. C. A. Conference at Elon, '14-'15; Chairman Y. M. C. A. Program Committee, '15-'16; President Robeson County Club, '15-'16; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '16-'17; President Ministerial Class, '16-'17; Delegate Southern Students' Conference, '15-'16; Winner Junior Orator's Medal, '16; Historian Ministerial Class, '16; Anniversary Orator, '17.





LEGAN H. HOBGOOD, B.S., EV. AND MED.  
Tarboro, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 160.

*"There are worse occupations in this world than feeling a woman's pulse."*

Track Team, '13-'15; Prophet Sophomore Class, '14-'15; Prophet Senior Class, '16-'17.



ROBERT POWELL HOLDING, LL.B., EV.  
Wake Forest, North Carolina

Age 20, height 6 feet, weight 156.

*"To be honest as this world goes,  
Is to be one picked out of ten thousand."*

Varsity Basket Ball, '16-'17; Captain Basket Ball Team, '16-'17; Member Glee Club, '16-'17.





RICHARD HOOPER, B.A., Ec.

Towns County, Georgia

Age 21, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 175.

*"They govern most who make the least noise."*

Secretary Teachers' Class, '15-'16; President Bible Study Group, '16; Vice-President Teachers' Class, '16-'17.



J. ERNEST HOWELL, B.S., Med.

Rockingham, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 175.

*"His home is in the sinews of man."*

Varsity Football Team, '15; Assistant Football Coach, '16.



D. C. HUGHES, B.A., Et.  
Cleveland County, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 160.

*"Every man has his gift, and the tools go to those who can use them."*

Member Debate Council, '15-'16; Anniversary Debater, '16; Chairman Debate Council, '16-'17; Manager Hodnett Club, '16-'17.



JOHNNIE D. HUMBER, B.S., PH.D. AND MED.  
Greenville, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches, weight 168.

*"The world means something to the capable."*

Chief Marshal Commencement, '16; Chairman Honor Committee, '16-'17; Corresponding Secretary Medical Society, '16; Assistant in Anatomy, '16-'17.



JOHN P. HUNTER, B.S., PH.D. AND MED.  
Cary, North Carolina

Age 20, height 6 feet, weight 145.

*"A learned physician; a man slayer."*

Class Baseball, '14-'15-'16-'17; Medical Class  
Baseball, '16-'17; Treasurer Medical Class, '16-'17.

FRED S. HUTCHINS, B.A., PH.D.  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 155

*"If you wish to preserve your secret, wrap it up in  
frankness."*

Member Student Senate, '14-'15; Member Y. M.  
C. A. Cabinet, '14-'15; Assistant Manager Glee  
Club, '14-'15; President Junior Class, '15-'16; As-  
sistant Manager *The Student*, '15-'16; News Editor  
*Old Gold and Black*, '15-'16; Assistant in English,  
'15-'16-'17; Manager *The Student*, '16-'17; President  
Student Athletic Association, '16-'17; Licensed At-  
torney, '17.





EARL CLIFFORD JAMES, LL.B., PH.D.  
Mount Airy, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 8½ inches, weight 145.

*"The man that loves and laughs must sure do well."*

President Law Class, '16-'17; Vice-President Freshman Class, '14-'15; Vice-President Scholarship Club, '15-'16; Member *Old Gold and Black* Staff, '16-'17; Cheer Leader, '16-'17; Licensed Attorney, '17.

J. SAMUEL JOHNSON, B.A., PH.D.  
St. Pauls, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 150.

*"Titles and honor add not to his worth who is himself an honor to his title."*

Chief Marshal Anniversary, '16; President B. Y. P. U., Section 1, '16; President Robeson County Club, '16-'17.





J. HENRY JONES, B.A., PH.D.  
Lumberton, North Carolina

Age 28, height 6 feet, weight 165.

*"Solitude delighteth well to feed on many thoughts."*

Business Manager *The Student*, '12; Member Student Senate, '12.



WILLIAM BAILEY JONES, B.A., Ec  
Raleigh, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 9½ inches, weight 135.

*"Life comes to less in length of days than in the sense of living."*

Member Student Senate, '16-'17.



CHARLES M. KENDRICK, B.A., PHIL.  
Shreveport, Louisiana

Age 19, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 140.

*"God hath made man upright, but he has sought out  
many inventions."*

EDWIN GREY McMILLAN, B.S., PHIL. AND MED.  
Laurinburg, North Carolina

Age 21, height 6 feet, weight 177.

*"An open countenance, but close thoughts."*

Freshman Football, '13-'14; Medical Class Baseball Team, '15-'16; Vice-President Medical Class, '16-'17; Dean Scrub Faculty, '16-'17; Assistant in Bacteriology and Pathology, '16-'17.





VERNON FULLER MITCHELL, A.B., E.C.  
Wake County, North Carolina

Age 25, height 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches, weight 185.

*"Even the short space of life is long enough for living  
well and honorably."*

Historian Freshman Class, '14

CHARLES MOSELEY, B.A., PH.D.  
Greensboro, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 140

*"This above all: to thine own self be true."*

Editor-in-Chief *The Wake Forest Student*, '14-  
'15; Associate Editor *Old Gold and Black*, '16-'17;  
Winner *Student Fiction Medal*, '15.





J. C. NEWTON, B.A., Eu.  
Cleveland County, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 7½ inches, weight 135.

*"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."*

Winner Sophomore Medal, '15; Anniversary Debater, '17.



CHARLES W. PARKER, LL.B., Eu.  
Northampton County, North Carolina

Age 21, height 6 feet 1 inch, weight 205.

*"The style is the man himself."*

Varsity Football, '14-'15-'16; Historian Junior Class, '15-'16; Captain Football Team, '16; Member Student Senate, '16-'17.





ALONZO CLARK PAYNE, LL. B., Et.  
Watauga County, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 175.

*"The great in life is not knowledge, but action."*

Secretary Law Class, '15-'16; Sheriff Law Class, '16-'17; Class Baseball, '15-'16-'17; Class Football, '15-'16; President Brushy Mountain Club, '16-'17.

BURGIN PENNELL, LL.B., Et.  
Asheville, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 6 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches, weight 115.

*"None know him but to love him,  
None name him but to praise."*

Class Football, '14-'15; Scrub Football, '14-'15; Assistant Cheer Leader, '15-'16; Member Honor Committee, '15-'16; Assistant Football Manager, '16; Solicitor Moot Court, '16; Law Class Poet, '15-'16; Baseball Manager, '17; President Supreme Court Class, '17; Licensed Attorney, '17.





D. RUSSELL PERRY, B.S., PH.D. AND MED.  
Zebulon, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 9½ inches, weight 170.

*"I may not be handsome, but I swear  
I have a distinguished look."*

Member Honor Committee, '16-'17; B.A., '16;  
Manager Baseball Team, '15-'16; Vice-President  
Medical Society, '16.

FRANK LEONARD RAY, B.S., EV. AND MED.  
Wake Forest, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 135.

*"God heals, the doctor takes the fee."*

President Medical Class, '16-'17; Assistant in  
Physiology, '16-'17; Manager Tennis Team, '16-  
'17; Class Basket Ball Team, '13-'14-'15-'16.





ALBERT C. REID, B.A., Ec  
High Rock, North Carolina

Age 22, height 6 feet  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inch, weight 165.

*"Let arms give place to the robe, and the laurel of the warrior yield to the tongue of the orator."*

Winner Freshman Medal, '15; Anniversary Marshal, '16; \$50 Prize North Carolina Intercollegiate Peace Oratorical Contest, '16; Society Day Orator, '16; Member Debate Council, '16-'17; Instructor in French, '16-'17; Wake Forest-Randolph Macon Debate, '17; Member Political Science Club, '17; Secretary High School Declaimers' Contest, '17; Historian Teachers' Class, '17; President Davidson County Club, '16-'17.

GEORGE F. RITTENHOUSE, A.B., Ec  
Petersburg, Virginia

Age 19, height 5 feet  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches, weight 148

*"Whatever we conceive we express clearly, and words flow with ease."*

Editor-in-Chief *Old Gold and Black*, '16-'17; Associate Editor *The Student*, '15-'16; Sporting Editor *Old Gold and Black*, '15-'16; Vice-President Junior Class, '15-'16; Secretary Virginia Club, '15-'16; Assistant in Journalism, '16-'17.





JOHN B. RUCKER, B.A., Etc.  
Rutherford County, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 140.

*"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."*

Prophet Teachers' Class, '15-'16; Assistant Librarian, '15-'16; Winner Junior Orator's Medal, '16; Alternate Richmond-Wake Forest Debate, '16; Poet Teachers' Class, '16-'17; President Wilson-Bickett Club, '16; Anniversary Orator, '17.



CLEVELAND C. RUSS, B.A., PH.D.  
Makatoka, North Carolina

Age 28, height 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches, weight 165.

*"When duty whispers, 'Thou must,' this youth replies, 'I can'."*

Assistant in Political Science, '15-'16-'17; Member Houlder Staff, '16-'17.



W. B. SINCLAIR, B.A., PHIL.  
Hendersonville, North Carolina

Age 30, height 5 feet 4 inches, weight 126.

*"Woman's looks have been my books,  
And folly's all they taught me."*

Delegate State Y. M. C. A. Convention at Trinity College, '13-'14; *The Hooper* Staff, '14-'15; Poet Sophomore Class, '14-'15; Leader Bible Study Group, '14; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '15-'16; Assistant Football Manager, '15-'16; Treasurer Berean Class, '15; *The Student* Staff, '15-'16; Chairman Y. M. C. A. Bible Study, '16-'17; Secretary Berean Class, '17; Secretary Wake Forest Republican Club, '15-'16-'17; Leader Mission Study Group, '17.

CLARENCE F. SPAUGH, B.A., ET.  
Linwood, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 138.

*"Moderation is the silken string running through the  
pearl-chain of all virtues."*

Manager Teachers' Basket Ball Team, '14-'15; Commencement Marshal, '14-'15; Manager Sophomore Basket Ball Team, '15-'16; Vice-President Berean Class, '16-'17; Manager Varsity Basket Ball Team, '16-'17.





CHARLES HADLEY STEVENS, B.A., PH.D.  
Wilson's Mills, North Carolina

Age 25, height 5 feet 8½ inches, weight 160.

*"Resolve to be thyself, and know that he  
Who finds himself loses his misery."*

Class Football, '12-'13; Class Baseball, '15-'16;  
Junior Class Prophet, '15-'16; Society Day Orator,  
'16; Manager Senior Class Track Team, '16-'17;  
Winner of ¼ mile Inter-class Meet, '16; President  
Buies Creek Club, '16-'17.



ELLIOTT R. STEWART, B.A., Ec.  
Newton, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 160.

*"The ancestor of every action is a thought."*



WILLARD M. STRICKLAND, B.S.,  
 ET. AND MED.  
 Wendell, North Carolina

Age 24, height 6 feet, weight 176.

*"His pills as thick as hand grenades flew,  
 And where they fell as certainly they slew."*

Sophomore Football Team, '13-'14; Junior Baseball Team, '15-'16; Medical Class Baseball Team, '15-'16; Secretary Medical Society, '16-'17; Interne for College Hospital, '16-'17.



P. S. SYKES, B.A., ET.  
 Northampton County, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 155.

*"I mind forever varying through strange seas of  
 thought."*

Chief Marshal Society Day, '15.



J. OSCAR TALLY, B.A., PHIL.  
Fayetteville, North Carolina

Age 25, height 6 feet, weight 185.

*"It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigor is  
in our immortal soul."*

Vice-President Sophomore Class, '14-'15; Marshal Wake Forest-Richmond Debate, '15; Senior Class Orator, '17; Licensed Attorney, '17.

W. F. TAYLOR, M.A., EV.  
Como, North Carolina

Age 24, height 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches, weight 140.

*"O star-eyed Science, thou hast wandered here,  
And found a willing pupil."*

Freshman Baseball Team, '13-'14; Manager Sophomore Baseball Team, '14-'15; Scrub Baseball Team, '14-'15; Varsity Baseball Team, '15-'16; B.S., '15-'16; Assistant in Transit Surveying, '16-'17; Instructor in Biology, '16-'17.







ROBERT T. THOMPSON, B.A., Ec.  
Wake Forest, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 8½ inches, weight 150.

*"'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."*

Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '16-'17; Freshman Basket Ball Team, '14-'15; Sophomore Basket Ball Team (All-class Champions), '15-'16; Varsity Basket Ball Team, '16-'17.



CARROLL C. WALL, LL.B., Phi  
Wallburg, North Carolina

Age 23, height 6 feet, weight 185.

*"A man always doing, never done."*

Member Student Senate, '16-'17; Society Day Marshal, '15; Vice-President Davidson County Club, '16-'17; Class Baseball Team, '15-'16.



J. AMBROSE WARD, B.A., Ev.  
Elizabeth City, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 155.

*"And what he greatly thought, he nobly dared."*

Society Day Marshal, '14; Wake Forest-Richmond Debate Marshal, '15; Assistant Manager Varsity Basket Ball Team, '15-'16; Class Basket Ball, '15-'16; Ministerial Basket Ball, '15-'16; Manager Freshman Basket Ball Team, '13; Manager Ministerial Basket Ball Team, '16; Captain Junior Basket Ball Team, '15; Secretary Honor Committee, '16-'17.

HUGH H. HEAFNER, B.A., Ev.  
Crouse, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150

*"The man who remains master over himself never knows defeat."*

Member *The Hourly* Staff, '16-'17; President Mission Study Class, '16-'17; Class Baseball, '15; Class Football, '16.





G. F. WASHBURN, B.A., Etc.  
Mitchell County, North Carolina

Age 25, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 175.

*"I noble aim, faithfully kept, is a noble deed."*

Chief Anniversary Marshal '17; Inter-sectional  
Society Debater, '15.

THOMAS M. WATSON, B.S., PH.D. AND MED.  
Wagram, North Carolina

Age 22, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 160.

*"And fearless minds climb soonest into crowns."*

Glee Club, '14-'15-'16; Assistant in History, '14-  
'15; Vice-President Medical Society, '15; Secretary  
Medical Society, '16; Member Student Senate, '16-  
'17; Medical Baseball Team, '16; President Scrub  
Faculty, '16-'17; Assistant in Histology and Em-  
bryology, '16-'17.





R. KELLY WHITE, B.A., Ev.  
Conway, North Carolina

Age 23, height 5 feet 9½ inches, weight 152.

*"A good reputation is more valuable than money."*

Captain Sophomore Basket Ball Team, '15; Captain Ministerial Basket Ball Team, '15-'16; Manager Junior Baseball Team, '16; Manager Ministerial Baseball Team, '17; Junior Editor *The Howler*, '15-'16; Member Glee Club, '15-'16-'17; Mission Group Leader, '15-'16; President Northampton County Club, '15-'16; President Senior Class, '16-'17.



S. L. WHITEHEAD, B.A., Ev.  
Scotland Neck, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 165

*"There's a good time coming, boys;  
A good time coming."*

Class Football, '13-'17; Class Baseball, '13-'17.



CHESTER H. WILKINSON, B.A., PH.D.  
Wake Forest, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 125.

*"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."*

W. S. WOODY, B.S., PH.D. AND MED.  
Crewe, Virginia

Age 23, height 6 feet, weight 160.

*"Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither."*

Poet Medical Class, '16-'17; Medical Class Baseball, '15-'16; Junior Class Baseball, '15-'16; Junior Class Football, '15-'16; Financial Secretary Medical Society, '17.





VANCE HAYNES, LL.B., PHIL.  
Mount Airy, North Carolina

Age 21, height 6 feet, weight 165.

*"For my own part, I am well content."*

Varsity Track Team, '16-'17; Scrub Football, '16-'17; All-class Champion Football Team, '16-'17; Assistant Manager Track Team, '16-'17; Vice-President Supreme Court Class, '16-'17.

JOHN A. STEVENS, LL.B., PHIL.  
Clinton, North Carolina

Age 21, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 150.

*"The end of man is action and not thought."*

Licensed Attorney, '17.





WALTER EDWARD JORDAN, B.S., PH.D.  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Age 20, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 165.

*"A lion among ladies is a dangerous thing."*

Varsity Football Squad, '15-'16-'17; Track Team, '14-'15; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '15-'16; Assistant in Library, '15-'16; Varsity Track Team, '15-'16; Assistant in Applied Math., '16-'17; Captain Track Team, '16-'17; Varsity Football, '16-'17; Class Basket Ball, '16-'17; Coach Track Team, '16.

BRUCE H. CARRAWAY, LL.B., PH.D.  
Kinston, North Carolina

Age 28, height 6 feet, weight 180.

*"A man who will not flee will make his foes flee."*







## Senior Class Poem

Alma Mater, ere we part  
Give, oh, give me back my heart!  
Or, since that can never be,  
Keep it now, and let me go!

*Zoe mon, sats agape*

By your wooded campus green;  
By the heaven's starlight shewn;  
By the dews upon your books;  
By your daily joy and woe,

*Zoe mon, sats agape*

Alma Mater, I am gone;  
Think of me much when alone  
Though I fade like mountain snow,  
Can I cease to love thee? No!

*Zoe mon, sats agape*

## Senior Class History

Now that we have reached the coveted goal, and are about to step out into the arena of life where we can no longer depend on our parents but must stand on our own merits, it is eminently appropriate that I recall a few of the accomplishments of our college life, so that you may be better able to draw a conclusion as to what will be our success in future years.

It was in September, 1913, that we first arrived on the "Hill." We were just a little greener, just a little fresher, and a great deal wiser than any of our predecessors. Our wisdom is shown by the fact that we outwitted the Sophomores and perfected our organization without being molested by them, this being the first time in the history of the college that a Freshman class had organized without that unhappy incident. We chose for our president that year R. F. Hall, who led us with rare courage and ability, showing plainly that he was worthy of the honor bestowed upon him by his classmates.

As Sophomores we organized under the leadership of "Sing" Lee. We then took up the reins laid down by our immediate predecessors and directed the Newish through the trials and tribulations of that year, not by fear and force, but by kindness and friendship. Of course we kept them in their rooms and permitted them to act as only Newish should act, but we were able to do it without the aid of the blacking pot and the scissors.

When we took up the work of the Junior year we realized that a little diligence must needs be exercised lest we be not able to enjoy our Senior year as we ought. Hence, practically all of our conditions were removed during that year. Our success as Juniors was in a measure due to the splendid leadership of Fred S. Hutchins.

And now, as Seniors, we have been able to assume that modest and dignified air which shows that we fear neither the Committee on Degrees nor the possibility of going home without a diploma. For a detailed account of our activities this year, I refer you to the envious members of the present Junior Class.

A history of the Senior class would be far from complete without a brief review of our general activities in the various phases of college life. Aside from the classroom where our work has been highly commendable, there are the Literary Societies. In that important realm we had more than our proportionate share. Of orators and debaters there are a plenty, as Boyd, Rueker, Edwards, Hughes, Eddins, Stevens, Hayes, Daniels, Carlyle, Reid, and Hester.

Probably our greatest success has been won in athletics. In class athletics we have made an honorable record. In basketball and football we have held our own. Our "long suit" has, however, been in baseball, where we have the unequalled record of having won the championship every year since we have been in college. On the Varsity teams, members of our class have not been wanting. We have contributed the following "W" men: football, Harris, Parker and Foreman; basket ball, Franks, Holding, and Carlyle; baseball, Carlyle and Harris.

I want to call to mind a few of the incidents that have occurred since we have been here. Both the new Dormitory and the Church have been erected since we came. We have seen triumph in intercollegiate debate: Richmond College has been defeated successively in two double-barreled debates, and at this writing both Baylor University and Randolph-Macon bid fair to meet the same treatment this year. We have witnessed the distinguished honor which came to our President through the winning of the Patterson Memorial Cup. We regret, and yet rejoice, to have seen two of our Deans, Drs. Brewer and Sikes, leave us to assume the presidency of other institutions.

In athletics we have seen marked improvement. In 1913 we saw the A & M football team victorious by 51-0, and in 1916 we saw the same team win by only six points. But by far the most amusing incident of our course was the battle waged between A & M. and Wake Forest students in Raleigh during our Junior year. Not since the Civil War has a more stubborn

fight taken place on American soil. Up Fayetteville Street from the Yarbrough Hotel to Meredith College and return the opposing forces had it. No better descriptive account of the battle can be found than that give by the *Raleigh Evening Times*: "The way those Wake Forest lads charged the Techs would have made Napoleon, Wilhelm, von Hindenburg, Lord Kitchener or even our own Teddy look like delegates at a peace conference."

The above in brief is a record of the activities of the Class of 1917. We have spent four years within the walls of Wake Forest College, and that she has left her impress for good there can be no doubt. Wake Forest, we leave thee now to take up our abode elsewhere. For four years we have been Wake Forest students. For life we will be Wake Forest men.

HISTORIAN.



## Senior Class Prophecy

"Many a heart upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanished face."

*Ye Prophecy of Ye Class of 1917, Wake Forest College, comprising Brief Delineations Depicting Divers Members of Said Class as They May be Beholden in Ye Year of 1937, being Presently Beholden of ye Prophet by Virtue of ye Gift of Prophecy Vested;*

In the choir-box of a magnificent New York church, before a vast and attentive congregation, stands our old class president, R. K. White. No, he is not the pastor, nor even the assistant pastor. Soon after leaving college he discovered that his political propensities harmonized not with the ministerial office. Accordingly, utilizing his Glee Club training, he became choir-leader of his church, employing that vocation as a means of support and following the avocation of politics as a means of amusement.

In the heart of darkest Africa, on a small clearing in the midst of a thick jungle—a clearing made for an improvised tennis court—appears C. G. Best, our vice-president, a man of tennis fame. He is in the act of cloaking a native African, who seems to have been his body-servant, and who took the strings of his tennis racket to make a bow-string and gave the frame to a princess to wear as a neck ornament.

On the veranda of a Florida plantation house sits the class poet, B. M. Boyd. A volume of Blackstone lies on the floor beside his rocker, and in his hand he holds a dog-eared copy of Walt Whitman, open at *Enfans D'Adam*. He sighs anon, and musingly queries: "Art or Law? Literature or Politics? Shall I be a great poet or a great orator?"

On the vast white waste of northern Greenland, following the trail that leads from Upernivik off in the general direction of the North Pole, a hungry-looking canine team draws a sled heavily laden with volumes of the great works of Shannon. Beside the sled, struggling on cumbersome snow-shoes, ambles our well-remembered testator, G. H. Eaddy. He has translated "Self-Knowledge" into the Esquimo tongue, and is propagating that excellent work among the poor, unenlightened inhabitants of the frozen continent.

On a great rostrum of a great auditorium of Chicago, before an uproarious mass of delegates to a national Democratic convention, stands the orator of the day, J. B. Rucker. His visage is contorted with the frenzy of his message to the nation, and his arms, responding to the fervor of his appeal, rotate like vanes of a Dutch windmill. The stream of his sesquipedalian utterances is quite out-flooded by the cataract of applause, but it is possible to distinguish the name of L. W. Chappell in juxtaposition with "presidential nominee."

Out in the wild regions of far western China, toiling up a steep and rocky trail in the mountains of Szechwan, is old J. M. Hester, of pious memory. He encounters a hairy barbarian, who demands his mission. Jimmie replies, "I have traveled, lo! these many years in search of an honest man. Can you tell me where he is?" The barbarian grins and motions to his companions not to kill the white-skinned intruder; for the witless are held sacred among these barbarians.

Sitting in a chair car of a Seaboard train is W. S. Woody. A fellow-traveler inquires of his destination. "Petersburg," replies Woody, very nervously twitching his watch fob. "Why, don't you know Virginia went dry twenty long years ago?" his companion rejoins. "Well, she didn't have to leave on account of that—her father is not a booze-leader!"

Elevated upon the summit of a triple-legged stool in a musty and dusty laboratory appears an old friend indeed, E. G. McMullan. Beside him stands his boon companion, T. M. Watson. They take turns peering into a microscope on the laboratory table. After several minutes of careful observation they suddenly jump up, turn a few somersaults, embrace, do a clog dance,

and start singing "The Boat's up the River." It appears that the cause of this jubilee eruption is the discovery of a chemical potion that has the property of temporarily stopping human audition without leaving any injurious after-effects. And then I recall that McMillan and Watson roomed next to the Pace brothers while at college, in close proximity to the Pace gramophone.

In the parlor of a great country home, half hidden in the depths of a great morris chair reclines W. B. Sinclair. A knock at the door. J. B. Edwards enters, and after warm greetings he explains that he is census taker. Accordingly Sinclair enumerates his family: "Me and my wife—got us? And then Sue, and Joe, and Ralph, and Frank, and Belle, and Mary, and Tom, and—that's all at present!"



# Last Will and Testament

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA }  
COUNTY OF WAKE } ss.

We the Class of '17, Wake Forest College, Wake County, State of North Carolina,

Having reached the desired goal, to wit, our intellects being broadened and our vision of life considerably widened, and realizing now that our sojourn here in this memorable College soon must come to an end, and also that quizzes are now a thing of the past, do make and declare this our last will and testament; hereby revoking and making null and void all other wills and testaments by us previously made.

First, we offer ourselves for the service of this and other countries that may call on us, promising always to do our duty as best we can. After having run the course set before us, thereby bringing honor on our dear old Alma Mater, we do direct that our bodies be laid to rest with those who have gone on before.

And all assets, rights, and privileges that we have acquired, either by the hands of the fates, or by our strong arm of might, we do dispose of in the following manner, viz.:

*Imprimis.* To our parents and guardians who have made college life possible for us, we do acknowledge our debt of gratitude, promising them in return to make men good and true out of ourselves, in the hope that we may bring joy and gladness to their hearts in old age.

*Item.* As a token of our love, we give and bequeath to our Alma Mater the best that lies within us, and pledge to her our untiring support in her efforts to enlighten and uplift those who may follow in our footsteps.

*Item.* We do give and bequeath to the Faculty of said college the privilege of calling on us, her worthy sons, for any of that information and erudition gained by the constant use of our ingenuity and perseverance.

*Item.* On account of his wonderful coaching ability as demonstrated in the gymnasium of said college, we do confer on "Socks" the title of coach of the volleyball team of the Class of '18.

*Item.* To the Junior class we do give and bequeath our Senior dignity and all privileges that may be attached to said Senior dignity. We request, however, the said debonair Juniors to stop all unnecessary noises on the campus made by the obstreperous Sophs.

*Item.* To the Sophs: We forgive you for making the life of the Newish miserable, and now request the said Sophomore class to conduct itself in a way which will tend to create more brotherly love on the campus.

*Item.* To the members of the Freshman class: We deem it wise to give this class, also, a bit of our advice. In your Sophomore year treat the new gentlemen as you were *not* treated. Take them around to the places of historical interest, forgetting not to tell them of ———.

From henceforth, we give to all our blessing and best wishes, and a pledge of lasting friendship.

The residue of our property, whatsoever and whensomever, of whatever quality it may be, and not heron disposed of in any way, we do give and bequeath to our beloved Dean, that he may, from the proceeds thereof, purchase a sufficient amount of necessary stationery, in order to keep all students informed of their shortcomings.

Lastly, we do hereby appoint said Dean, the President, and Bursar the sole executors of this, our last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof, we, the Class of '17, the testators, have to this, our last Will and Testament, printed on two sheets of parchment, subscribed our names and affixed our seal, this twenty-fifth day of May, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred and seventeen, hereby revoking any and all other wills by us heretofore made, wheresoever and whensoever the same may have been made and executed.

Signed and sealed, the day and year aforesaid, in the state and county aforesaid, and declared by the said testators to be their last will and testament, in the presence of the witnesses hereto attesting, who severally witnessed the signing and sealing of the same in the presence of the testator and in the presence of each other.

CLASS OF 1917 Seal.

Attest:

DRAFTSMAN.

STENOGRAPHER.



## Senior Vote

When the Senior class met for the purpose of taking the Senior vote, cigars, soda checks, and pleasant words were the order of the day.

P. S. Daniel was given the place of Most Popular man in the class because his supply of cigars was the largest on this occasion.

C. A. Moseley, because of his frank, bold, assuming manner when in the presence of the fair sex, was voted the Ladies' Man.

I. E. Carlyle had claim to the office of Best Athlete without opposition; while J. M. Hester came in to claim to be the Most Dignified.

J. D. Cannady, Hottest Sport; J. Bunyan Rucker, Biggest "Bull" Shooter; R. Hooper, Most Handsome; J. P. Hunter, Woman Hater; W. B. Sinclair, Biggest Rounder, and W. A. Elam, Best Dresser, all deserve especial mention because they did not seek the places, but the class saw fit to confer these honors upon them because of their special fitness for the various places.

Jimmie Hayes, Most Optimistic, and D. C. Hughes, Biggest Parasite, represent the two extremes of the class.

Tom Watson, Best Dancer, and C. M. Kendrick, Suffragette Leader, may be expected to locate together as their offices are of a kindred nature.

L. W. Chappell, Most Ladylike; L. H. Holgado, Best Orator; Tally, Best Student; G. E. Eddins, Hardest Worker; J. F. Colston, Tightest Wad; J. B. Edwards, Best Politician; G. F. Rittenhouse, Best Writer; B. M. Boyd, Best Debater; and W. S. Woody, Most Likely to Marry First; won their places after hot campaigns and much electioneering. Be it said to the credit of Mr. Edwards that he managed nine out of the ten campaigns, thus reflecting credit on the choice of the class, because it is an honor well bestowed.

E. C. Denton, Giant of Class; Bill Jones, Most Reserved and Modest; and J. A. Ward, Campus Walker, were awarded their places because they had not been fortunate enough to get a place and the class did not want to leave out any one.

G. W. Lassiter, Honorary Member of the Music Club, was given his place because the sweet echoes of his melodious voice have not yet ceased to be heard on the campus.





Spei'ar

# Juniors



MISS LOIS DICKSON  
*Sponsor*  
JUNIOR CLASS



## Junior Class Officers

C. M. McCURRY	President
J. C. PACE, JR.	Vice-President
T. C. McKNIGHT	Secretary
J. C. JOYNER	Treasurer
WOOD PRIVETT	Prophet
W. V. SAVAGE, JR.	Poet
C. F. HARRIS	Historian

## Junior Class History

As we approach the end of our Junior year we look back with pride upon our history as a record of achievement. In many respects our class has been more successful than we might ordinarily have expected. We do not say this with any spirit of boasting. Our deeds speak for themselves. In our class can be found men who take an active part in all phases of college activities.

However, the paramount feature of our history concerns our endeavors in the way of athletics. We have the distinction of holding the class championship in both football and basket ball this year, as well as in the preceding one. In the field of baseball we have not been so successful. Last year, after having humbled the Newish, we in turn suffered defeat at the hands of the Juniors. For three years in succession we have held the title in football, having won in our Freshman year by the failure of the Sophs to appear on the gridiron.

When we consider the facts in the case, we think we have good reason for being proud of our two-fold title. For the first time in a number of years, this year's Newish class handed the over-anxious Sophs a pugskin humiliation, and it remained for our class to step in and call the youngsters down. "Lula" Vassey did the stunt in the third quarter when he ploughed through the line of the would-be champs for the only touchdown of the game.

Everybody was happy over our victory with the Newish because the same teams had won out in the basket ball finals and it appeared almost certain that the Fresh would win the title. The assertion is often made that it does not work too well for "first year gentlemen" to experience the effects of too much success; and evidently the Junior class harbored such ideas. The team, composed of Vann Savage, Herndon, Powell, McKnight, and Blankenship, furnished the surprise of the year by defeating their quarter by a 19 to 13 count.

Not only have we contributed largely to the success of inter-class contests, but the Varsity eleven as well has been materially aided by the services of Langston, John and Dick Pace, Blankenship, McKnight, Olive, and Savage. Ellis, Vassey, Leggett, and Herndon have been our representatives on the diamond and have done good work for the team. Ellis is captain; this year's nine and Dick Pace has been chosen to pilot next fall's football eleven.

While we have been strong physically, we have been no less active in the literary world. The names of Odum, Olive, Herring, Martin, and Collins are well known and frequently heard in the society halls as well as on public occasions. A number of our class are contributing consistently to both of our college publications, Mallard and Hester being the most adept with the pen. There are few students in college more brilliant than "Sugar-Cane" Gildiney.

We have always taken a strong stand on the question of hazing and cheating on examinations, and have put strong men on the committees in charge of such conduct in an effort to stamp out completely these evils.

Members of our class were liberal contributors to the original fund for the establishment of the new Royster Athletic Field. We also pledged a goodly amount our Freshman year to the new Wake Forest Church.

All in all, the members of this class possess the bulldog tenacity of holding on to things until they conquer. The class approves this motto, "*I am, and, eat!*" Thus, to say the least, we bid fair to excel any three-year-old anywhere.

HISTORIAN.

## Junior Class Prophecy

Since I have not the gift of prophecy and stand very little chance of finding out the mysteries and knowledge either of this world or the one containing the fire-works, it follows that I have an innate hesitancy in placing before you this masterpiece of English, both from a prophetic and literary standpoint. I assure you that I shall treat the subject fairly and make no discriminations, although nothing could be more natural than mistakes, for every star-gazer, no matter how experienced he may be, necessarily goes wrong sixty-nine and fifteen-sixteenths of the time. And as for me, serving in this honorable and time-honored capacity, I can hardly write, think, or see, so great is my nervousness in writing this paragon of prophecies which will go down through the ages as the marvel of the twentieth century.

You have heard that the best fortune tellers consult books night after night in order to give an account of the events to come, but I cannot believe in this method. In fact, according to my conception, no work is required at all; a warm room, drowsy feeling, and full stomach are the main essentials. So, having these qualifications last night, I lay back and wholly relaxed, while the first cousin of Morpheus came with his long saffron wand and pricked me into that nameless condition sweet as the perfumed waters of the river which flows through the valley of Utopia. Around me crowded myriads of beautiful fairies, whisking their opalescent robes in the dim moonlight and singing ditties to each little star that showed its twinkling eye in the azure firmament.

As in every other part of the fairy country, a king came forward and offered to let me see anything which I wished. Immediately I asked concerning the future of my old schoolmates and was told to look into the clear pool of water by my side.

Accordingly, I gazed into the depths, and as the ripples became still, I beheld a large furniture factory. Wondering what might be the significance of this, I looked closer, and behold! a fine office in the building opened to my view. Seated at the large mahogany desk I beheld a short, stout man whose face seemed strangely familiar, although wrinkled and creased by the passing years. My old friend and classmate, Glenn Muse, now a prosperous manufacturer and wealthy philanthropist, sat before me.

Delighted at his success and wishing to see if others had shared his luck, I looked again, and another scene was brought to my view. This time I saw an altar, bedecked with flowers; in front stood a happy couple. Having scrutinized their faces and found them utter strangers, I directed my gaze at him who was performing the ceremony. Wonder of wonders! Potilla Savage was putting the question, "Do you take this woman for your lawful wife?"

Greatly surprised at this occurrence, I asked the fairy king what might be the fate of our medical students, Sam Thompson and Carey Harris. "Look," he replied, and again I turned my eyes to the pool. In the operating room of an airy hospital I beheld these two men, but changed to an almost unrecognizable extent, for both wore short-clipped beards. Having become the greatest specialists of their day, they were engaged in the difficult operation of grafting a brain.

Upon looking once more, I beheld Earl Hamrick who had not changed much, but into whose eyes had come a look of shrewdness caused by many years' experience in the manufacture and sale of Hamrick motor cars.

A law office next claimed my attention since in it was an active man whose fame as a corporation lawyer had spread over all the country. Of untiring energy, Durham Moore had worked himself up from the foot of the ladder to the dizzy height which he now occupied. As the solver of huge financial problems he was without an equal, and his office was the rendezvous of many perplexed railroad magnates.

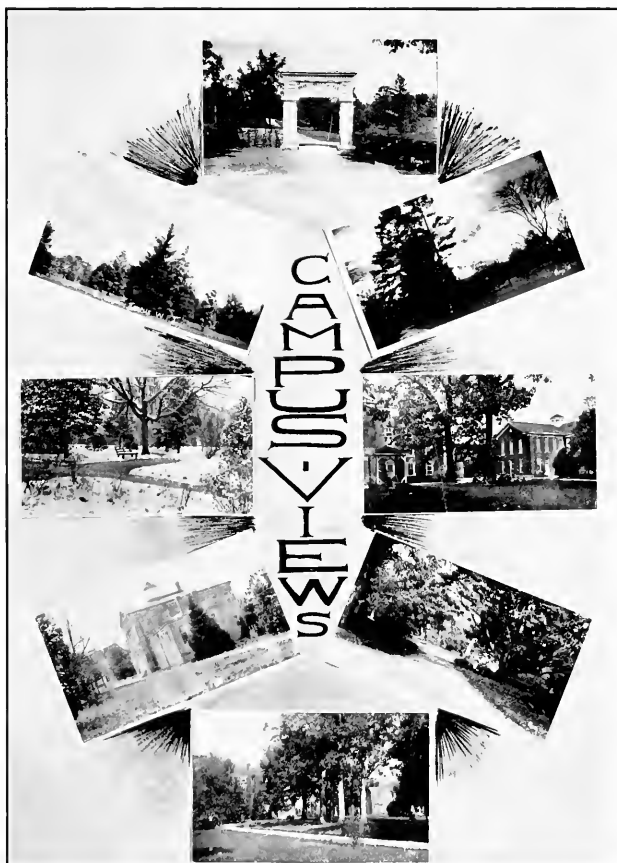
"I wonder if Dick Pace is still living," I said to myself, and immediately the scene changed to a square room with blackboards on the walls. A class in Latin was ready for examination and a little bright-eyed, bald-headed man, whom I finally recognized as Dick, was considering how hard to make the quiz.

The scenes now shifted at a bewildering rate, showing Shelby Meek at the head of an oil corporation in Texas; Bob Mallard as editor of the *New York Times*; Jock Olive as legal adviser to the Cunard Steamship Company; Furman Biggs running a munition factory; and Jack Franklin as proprietor of the Astor Hotel.

Suddenly the views were blotted out, notwithstanding my desire to learn about all of my classmates. The pool was as dark as a black mantle; I dropped into a peaceful slumber, and awoke in the morning with a clear head and a desire to tell you your futures.

PROPHET.









# SOPHOMORE.

Spough



MISS MARGIE CLARK  
*Sponsor*  
SOPHOMORE CLASS



## Sophomore Class Officers

R. W. WARREN  
W. S. HOBBS  
R. T. LILES  
J. G. EDWARDS  
S. H. HADLEY  
F. W. SPEEDITT  
R. G. WALLACE

President  
Vice-President  
Secretary  
Treasurer  
Prophet  
Poet  
Historian

## Sophomore Class Poem

I shall not sing the same old thing  
Or write a silly ditty.  
I'll give some scores of Sophomores  
Who fear the Senate Committee.

There's Sowers, Jake, and Jimmy Lake,  
And pretty Bridger, Clayton,  
There's Allen, Joel, and O. B. Crowell,  
And "Mr." D. S. Paden.

C. S. Block and Bryan, Jack,  
Including R. G. Sowers,  
Perry, S. A., and Nolan, J.,  
And "Captain" Shorty Bowers.

There's Gwaltney, M., and Darden, Jim,  
And add Sky Edwin Ponder,  
DeShazo, C., and Jackson, E.,  
Who is a perfect wonder.

And Sister Snow and I. O. Crow,  
And noble hearted "Zony,"  
Barnes, J. G., and Trickleblood, E.,  
Who reads Greek with a pony.

And Ferdy Hipps who tears and rips,  
The londest sky of any,  
Parker, V. S., McKaughan, Jess,  
And also "Merobe" Penny.

One Jacob Nye and Miller, I,  
And Thomas Marshall Uzzle,  
One B. S. Liles you c'n hear for miles  
Who ought to wear a muzzle.

And ere I'm done I'll mention Bunn  
And also "Doctor" Leggett,  
I'll throw in Britt and then I'll quit  
And let the rest go, plague it!

POET.

## Sophomore Class History

The history of the illustrious Sophomore class begins in September, 1915, when, as New-ish, one hundred and seventy-five strong, we first set our feet on Wake Forest soil. The remembrance of this time cannot be obliterated from our minds. We first came marching up the campus in a dignified manner, but after hearing the shrill cries of the Sophs the first night, we decided to be a meek and lowly "herd."

In due course of time, September, 1916, saw us burst forth from the ties of bondage and flap our wings in the elevated sophomoric air. After taking an inventory of our "flock," we found that only about half had returned to the fold, the other half being gone we knew not where. Although about half the number are missing, we still possess men who, we believe, will make a mark on life's pages, who will be the leaders in the communities in which they reside, and will be among Wake Forest's most honored sons.

As Sophomores, we have not accomplished as much in inter-class athletics as some of the previous classes. This year we succumbed to defeat twice at the hands of the Freshmen. In football they accidentally scored one touchdown on us. However, this does not reflect on the strength of the Sophomore team, for the Freshmen had an unusually strong team, being composed almost completely of high school stars. In basket ball we underwent defeat again. I have pictured only the dark side of inter-class athletics. In the inter-class track meet, Society Day, the Sophomores won a decisive victory over the other classes. Our class won 48 points out of 100, thereby leaving only 52 points for the other three classes.

The Varsity football team was greatly strengthened by the addition of Shaw and Croon. Shaw has played on the first team for two years. Croon entered football circles this year, played in every game, and so won his "W."

Our achievements in athletics have not been so great, but we have made up for this in other fields of endeavor. We have been well represented in literary activities. Several of our members are regular contributors to *The Student*. The art editors of *The Hootie* are from the Sophomore class. In the Society Day debate, Odum and Spurling delivered excellent speeches, reflecting credit upon themselves and upon their class. Besides, in the daily routine of academic work our class has made an enviable record.

In this brief history there is too little space to enumerate the deeds, redeeming qualities, and general characteristics of this class. Most undoubtedly the Sophomores are very important, for it is they the faculty and senators spend much time conversing about. We also have a direct bearing on the Freshman, for it is our class, and not the Senate Committee, that is so interested in the Newish that we keep them in their holes after dark and prohibit them from being so conspicuous in public places.

So be it. We are glad that we were Freshmen and gladder that we are Sophomores. We believe we have contributed our part towards making 1916-17 the best year of Wake Forest, and whatever we have contributed, we have done it freely and willingly.

HISTORIAN.

## Sophomore Class Prophecy

No, I did not fall asleep in Johnson Street Station and dream a dream, nor did a gnome or nymph draw back the curtain of the future for me, nor did I borrow the inflamed eyes of one Bacchus wherewith to peer into Days Coming, nor did I drink a potion from the mystic phial. I merely said to myself, "I must write a prophecy of the Sophomore Class," and sat down with my patient and long-suffering pencil in hand. To the pencil I whispered the magic word: "Zony! Tell me about Zony!" Alas, poor Yorick! The pencil's patience and long-suffering expired, and it leapt from my grasp. I recaptured it, and in a more coaxing tone repeated the magic starter. This time the pencil, enraged, delivered itself of a rearward kick at my hand, and by virtue thereof broke its leaden hoof; then, distractedly, it ran to the window and committed suicide upon the cruel stones below.

Sparing tears for this loss, I cautiously approached my old reliable fountain pen, gripped it firmly, and whispered softly into one of its ears: "Zony! Tell me about him!" Disappointment again! The pen squirmed and wriggled, and, finding itself unable to overcome my grip, spluttered and coughed a great ebony blot upon my immaculate quiz-pad. I groaned, and cast the wicked thing from me.

Then my eyes fell upon one of those literary generators of the twentieth century—the modern fuss-factory, vacuum-vomiter, bull-legger—a typewriter. "Ah!" said I to myself, "this insensate, yet marvelously productive contraption can but yield to me!" Nevertheless, I made gentle advances towards it. I spoke kindly, beguiled it with a promise of a new ribbon to wear if it would not be naughty, and then induced it into a hilarious state of intoxication with liberal libations of Three-in-One oil; and, capping my wheedling with a vague hint at dire vengeance to requite any misbehavior, I gave the magic word: "Zony! What do you know about Zony?"

Scarcely had I spoken thus, when I became aware of my gross error in mischoosing the magic word. In an instant I opened my mouth to make correction, but not before I observed indications of consternation and tumult in the poor dumb machine: "Parlon, Parlon! I meant Warren—Rollin Warren—tell me about him!" Blessed calm after storm! The typewriter rapped away glibly. Here is what it revealed to me:

*A tempest-ridden sea. A ship foundering in the background. Two heads bobbing like corks, and four arms splashing desperately. Closer. They rise for the last time. Look! One of them is your celebrated class president. His lips move. Hark to his dying words—encouragement, perchance, to his comrade in peril: "Now, by golly, don't you wish you'd bought some life insurance from me?" And the curious flood swallows its victims.*

With tears in my voice I again name the next in rank of class dignity, thinking that my anachronous naming of him beforetime caused the typewriter's unseemly behavior, and hoping that a more heartening picture might be unfolded. But alas and alas indeed! The insulted type rose and turned vitriolic eyes upon me, and ran and hid in the loft; the wheels and spirals rolled hastily over the transom and down the corridor; the ball-bearings navigated through sundry cracks in the floor.

I have bought a new typewriter; but I can't afford to inflict the indignity upon it that wrought the demolition of its predecessor. Therefore here endeth the prophecy.

PROPHET.



**FRESHMAN**



MISS MAE PICKELSIMER  
*Sponsor*  
FRESHMAN CLASS





## Freshman Class Officers

J. W. WHITE	President
R. M. KINTON	Vice-President
T. S. MAST	Secretary
S. E. AYRES	Treasurer
C. J. DUKE, JR.	Poet
W. G. MCGUIRE	Prophet
R. D. CALDWELL, JR.	Historian

## Freshman Class Poem

We have made a brilliant record,  
 We, the Freshman class of "twenty."  
 We are varied in our talents,  
 And have athletes, yes, a plenty,  
 And some whose beans are flinty.

And a few have fallen victims  
 To the blacker and the shearer,  
 But the most of us have rested  
 In our holes a little nearer,  
 And have kept our records clearer.

In our midst are doctors, teachers,  
 And some "Skys" of consecration,  
 And some lawyers who will figure  
 In the rising generation  
 In the guiding of the Nation.

With the Latin and the English  
 We have had full many wrangles.  
 We have pored for many moments  
 Over geometric angles;  
 Over idiomatic tangles.

We have been in games the victors,  
 For we gave the Sophs a beating,  
 But our fortune then forsook us,  
 And we saw our glories fleeting  
 In the Freshman-Junior meeting.

We have shown the college spirit  
 In each method of expression.  
 We have reveled in our studies,  
 And have felt no great suppression  
 In our glorious Newish session.

But we now do yield our title  
 With the coming of vacation,  
 And shall step a little higher  
 In the realm of education  
 Toward our distant graduation.

POET.

## Freshman Class History

Early in the fall term, under the protection of the Student Senate, the Class of 1920 was called into its first meeting for the purpose of organization. The present staff of officers were elected, as the fruit of some memorable campaigning. Miss Mae Pickelsimer of Meredith College was chosen as Sponsor.

Our class history is yet short—just at its beginning, in fact—but it is long enough to include a record of high athletic distinctions. Our first class game was the usual Freshman-Sophomore football match. It was a hard-fought battle, and resulted in our victory by a score of 6 to 0. We have the distinction of being the first Freshman class in the history of the College to defeat the Sophomores in football.

Not satisfied with this single victory, we went on to win over the Sophomores in basketball. The game resulted in the overwhelming score of 27 to 12. Two members of our team, McGuire and Hanby, took places on the all-class basketball team. In the Society Day Inter-class Track Meet our class came out as second highest point winner, making only five points less than the victorious class. The highest individual point winner was Duncan, a member of our class.

In Varsity athletics we have been just as prominent as in class athletics. To the Varsity football team we contributed two linemen, Blizzard and Coble, and one backfield man, Champion, all of whom distinguished themselves by their fine game. On the Varsity tennis team we are represented by Folk, who shares with his Senior partner the honors of several victories in intercollegiate matches. At present we cannot say what part we will have in the Varsity basketball and baseball teams. But every indication is that Hanby will be one of the basketball quint; and there is no reason why we should not find representation on the baseball nine.

In emphasizing our athletic record we are only reporting a part of our history. The membership of our class includes men of high scholarly ability and forensic talent, although as yet no opportunity has been presented for them to win public distinction. So for the present we pass over that portion of our history with no comment, except for a word of assurance that in the coming three years of our college career we will endeavor to put ourselves at the top of the ladder in all phases of the college's activities.

HISTORIANS.

## Freshman Class Prophecy

Not until after the clouds of the election had cleared away and the secretary had officially announced the result of the balloting, did I realize what a great burden had been imposed upon me. I was not a prophet nor have I ever been guilty of prophesying, and on investigation I found that none of my ancestors had ever possessed such admirable qualities. I was in a bad predicament, and I did not know what to do. Many times I wished the burden of prophesying had gone to some one else who was in communication with some of the "familiar spirits."

Weeks passed and I had done nothing. It was hard for me to realize what a great responsibility lay upon my unprophetic mind. I soon decided that, inasmuch as I was no prophet myself, if I were to succeed I must have help. Futile were my efforts with the faculty and members of the student body. Finally, in despair, I appealed to the prophets of the other classes. They all refused and turned me away with a sophomoric command: "Go your route, Newish; we care nothing about your future." Feeling somewhat humiliated, I decided to take a long hike into the country with the expectation of finding some solution to my problem.

The day was an ideal one for walking, and in a few hours I was many miles from the "hill." As I walked along, musing and wondering what would become of my classmates, my attention was attracted and I came to a sudden pause. Directly at my right in the edge of the woods stood a number of covered wagons. On close observation I discovered that it was a "gypsy train." At last I had found a way, and I hurriedly entered the gypsy tent.

After I had related my troubles to the gypsy girl, she gladly consented to give me the desired information. I could not recall all my classmates, but I gave her a list of names I remembered. She examined the list carefully, and after some deliberation, read out the following prophecies:

Jarvis, after graduating from Wake Forest, will pursue his studies at the University of Virginia. He will be head of the city schools of Forestville.

Yearby, thinking that the salary of his country church is too small, will decide to go West. He will settle in Utah. Soon afterwards he will become so entangled in the Mormon matrimonial doctrine that he will leave his own church, and will proceed to demonstrate his wonderful executive ability by the way he controls his many mothers-in-law.

Earp will develop into one of the best sharpshooters in the United States Army. He will win numerous prizes. His training and practice while a Newish at Wake Forest will prove to have done much to produce such a high degree of efficiency in marksmanship.

Beachboard, after leaving College, will be continuously running for office. He will run for every office from United States Senator down to town constable. He will finally be elected as a member of the Legislature from Buncombe County, and will try to persuade that august body to take a stand on "World Peace."

West, poor fellow, will disappoint his classmates very much by his rash deed. He had an exceedingly bright future and the news of his untimely death will come as a severe shock to the entire country. He always loved the girls, and soon after he leaves college will become so infatuated with a member of the fair sex that when she refuses to marry him, he will commit suicide by tying a rock around his neck and jumping into a pond.

W. McKinley Edwards suddenly left college during his Freshman year, and soon afterwards he will gain much notoriety as a pugilist. Years later when he can get no one to fight with him, he will enlist in the United States Army and be sent to Mexico to fight the "greasers." He will slay more than a score single-handed and will be rewarded by Congress for his bravery. He received his inspiration and training while he was a Freshman at Wake Forest.

She had finished. I arose, tossed her a coin and withdrew from the tent.

PROPHET.





C.M. MCCURRY  
JUNIOR



R.K. WHITE  
SENIOR

# CLASS PRESIDENTS



J.W. WHITE  
FRESHMAN



R.W. WARREN  
SOPHOMORE



E.C. JAMES  
LAW CLASS



J.M. HESTER  
MINISTERIAL

# DEPARTMENT PRESIDENTS



H.H. HAMILTON  
TEACHERS



F.L. RAY  
MEDICAL







# TEACHER

FRANK SPRENG



MISS LOIS MILLER  
*Sponsor*  
TEACHERS CLASS



## Teachers Class Officers

H. H. HAMILTON  
R. HOOPER . . .  
H. T. SHANKS  
W. H. PASCHAL  
J. B. RUCKER  
A. C. REID . . .

President  
Vice-President  
Secretary  
Prophet  
Poet  
Historian

## An Ode to the Teaching Man

You have sung in many a ditty  
The deeds of your mighty men;  
You lauded the wise and witty,  
Ready with tongue or pen;  
You have tuned your harps for battles,  
And flowers of your native land,  
But one song is still unfinished,  
An ode to the Teaching Man.

Who taught you to sing your ditties?  
Who gave you the sword of thought?  
Who inspired the builders of cities?  
Who founded what others have wrought?  
Who taught you to fight life's battles?  
Who showed you the old and the new?  
That send your children to conquer  
The world and its wonders—who?

One stood on the plain of Judea,  
By the shores of Galilee,  
And said to twelve of his comrades,  
"Go, teach your brethren o'er land and sea!"  
So teach them the lore of the Ages,  
So teach them surcease from pain,  
And on, till the sable curtain  
Of mystery be torn in twain.

## Teachers Class History

It is customary to write history after the makers of it have moldered into dust and their deeds have grown venerable by the passing of years not a few. Precedent makes imperative this brief record. This college class has not differed from its pedagogical predecessors, and this historical résumé will be similar to those that have gone before.

The influence of former classes has been evident. The mantles of Mull, Lovelace, Jones and "Fleet" Williams have fallen upon Eddins, Hooper, Babbly, and Boyd, respectively. Meredith and Oxford persist in giving receptions, the "Perils of Pauline" grow more hazardous, the "Shoo Fly" must be met, and the same freights go toward the State's metropolis and the "Grand."

The various college activities have received our unqualified cooperation. The brawn and muscle of our class, as usual, have excelled on the diamond, the gridiron, the track, and the floor. The Ministerial, Law, and Medical classes, each in turn, have suffered defeat at our hands. Carlyle, Foreman, Humber, Spaulgh, and Thompson are numbered among the "Wearers of the W." The Scrub Faculty, *The Homer* staff, and the editors of *The Student*, and of *Old Gold and Blue* are, for the most part, members of the Teachers' class. Carlyle graduates with highest honors. Britton has recently passed the Rhodes Scholarship examination, and will probably be appointed to a scholarship at Oxford. A majority of the society honors have deservedly gone to members of this class: for are not Bunn, Bard, and Paul Sykes embryonic "W. F.'s"?

In the pursuance of our work, we have branched off into the various forms of activities best adapted to our individual differences. Humber has indulged in Latin, Bivens found German papers a delight, Babbly has persevered in Economics, Newton still quotes early American History, and Rucker, Washburn, Edwards, and Arledge find mutual consolation in discussing problems of varying interest with Chappell, Hughes, Detrick, and McCann.

Politics has afforded the same pleasures that former classes appreciated. Classwork followed the same routine. "No one will forget, 'I beg to remind you, gentlemen,' 'Go out, wag your long ears and eat grass,' 'Take a dynamic attitude and word it sharply,' 'Great lunks of green cheese and balls of blue fire,' and even 'Mephisto' and 'Bad Eye' afford a lingering dream of maximum sublimity.

"Happy is that people whose annals are brief." Our history is peculiarly short. It will end and begin when we graduate with *Servat eam Laude*, *Magna eam Laude*, *Cum Laude*, and *Valla eam Laude*.

HISTORIAN

## Teachers Class Prophecy

The autumn sky was clear and the moon was full; the sun had fled and securely hid itself behind the hazy western horizon; the tropical winds filled with autumn's fragrance sighed soft and low. The train was traveling at a terrific speed across the viaduct that connects together the Florida Keys. Indeed, I was enjoying the beauties of the things that be. But the fairest day has its cloud. A thought of the horrors that would accompany a wreck at this particular point flashed across my mind and simultaneously, almost, the flyer jumped the track. I felt myself falling, falling. A beautiful maiden sat beside me, and even if I am never embraced again under more decorous circumstances, I shall never forget that momentous pleasure.

The car dropped into the water with a great splash and was soon fifty feet below the surface. I was dead, dead, stone dead! Oh! I might have spent eternity happily with such a companion; but such was not to be my lot, for I was to be resurrected as per the fins of this prophecy.

However, while I was beneath the waves, a vision of the future and all that was to be appeared before me. But I shall confine myself here to that which relates to my duty as prophet of the Teachers' class and to those things which transpired prior to the year 1943. If any one cares to know the future in its entirety, he may become informed by consulting me personally. I shall consider myself in writing this prophecy to be living in the year 1941.

Standing out preeminently in the foreground of the civic life of the State are C. F. Spangh and A. C. Reid. After leaving college they devoted their boundless energy toward the alleviation of such unsatisfactory social conditions as then existed throughout the State. Their efforts have been crowned with success. Reid was elected Governor at the age of 32, and with Spangh's advice and counsel instituted various reform measures that have rendered his name a synonym for progressiveness.

H. H. Hamilton and Red Milton are teaching in the high school at Charlotte. They are both single still, without any prospects of matrimony.

Hooper is teaching in the high school of his own home town. He is a very able teacher and a great advocate of Wake Forest College. He has sent many students to his Alma Mater from the Empire State, who erroneously believed that Hooper's genius was not innate but acquired at Wake Forest College.

Buckner has set at naught the proverb that there is no royal road to learning, for he has learned to correlate electricity with the acquisition of knowledge. He has invented a very simple electrical device which when attached to the pupil's brain and then joined to that of the instructor, makes the sensation of reading Vergil, Horace, or Xenophon perfectly delightful and causes the pupil to retain his impressions much better than he could have done, had they been acquired in the old-fashioned way. Buckner has made a stupendous fortune, but he is using it for benevolent purposes.

H. T. Shanks has put up a private school in the western part of the State, in a vain attempt to "de-Bum-Ruckerize" that section. Shanks wished to express to the world his natural antipathy for "bull-shooting." He has created a considerable following, but has given up his original undertaking as impossible.

Yes, I was dead, but awoke in No. 3, Phi. end, Old Dormitory, much to my delight.

PROPHET.





MISS FRANCES JOHNSTON  
*Sponsor*  
LAW CLASS





## Law Class Officers

E. C. JAMES	President
W. E. JORDAN	Vice-President
C. E. BREWER	Secretary and Treasurer
A. H. CASEY	Poet
PROF. E. W. TIMBERLAKE	Chief Justice
A. A. ARONSON	Associate Justice
J. G. BOWERS	Clerk of Moot Court
R. E. TAYLOR	Solicitor of Moot Court
A. C. PAYNE	Sheriff of Moot Court



 **MEDS** 



MISS MYRTLE HEINZERLING  
*Sponsor*  
MEDICAL CLASS



## Medical Class Officers

F. L. RAY  
E. G. McMILLAN  
H. H. FOSTER  
J. P. HUNTER  
W. F. WOODY  
J. S. BREWER  
J. H. R. BOOTH  
J. G. BOOE  
J. C. JONES

President  
Vice-President  
Secretary  
Treasurer  
Poet  
Historian  
Prophet  
Surgeon  
Chaplain

## Medical Class Poem

We are children of all the ages,  
Fresh from the isle of the blest,  
Yet, being naught but children,  
We are filled with the child's unrest.

Thus, lacking in years and knowledge  
And thinking the thoughts of youth,  
We pray to the God of the ages  
Asking for wisdom and truth.

For wisdom and understanding  
And truth for our shield through life,  
And the hand of science to guide us  
Throughout the turbulent strife.

Ours is the task of masters  
In the life that stretches ahead,  
For life and death are warring  
When we're called to the sick man's bed.

Lives that hang in the balance  
Will be ours to lose or save,  
Our battle is fought with grim old death,  
Just on the brink of the grave.

So, being naught but children,  
And thinking the thoughts of youth,  
We pray to the God of the ages,  
Begging for wisdom and truth.

## Medical Class History

A definition of history in its broadest sense means everything that man has done, either generally or in a certain particular capacity. It is not the purpose of this paper to give a complete history of the Medical class. Space forbids this, even if it were our wish. Our purpose is to enumerate in a few words a few of the things that make this one of the greatest classes since the department which we represent became a part of the college.

As a class we first became a unit when we undertook the study of osteology under Dr. Smith in the fall of 1915. No one can imagine the toil and worry that was our lot during that year. Obstacle after obstacle piled up before us, yet we struggled on and finally came out victorious.

The fact that the face of the medical student is seen in and around the Alumni building the greater part of every six days would lead one to think our interest and activities were centered in one sphere. But such is not the case. There is no class in the college that has a greater diversity of interest and activities than the Medical class. And it is a matter of interest that our men are holding their own in all the different phases of college life which they have entered. I cite a few instances. Is it a reflection to have Booc, the president of the Senior class of '16, in our class? And there is Humber, chairman of the Honor Committee, and Perry, baseball manager of 1916, with Watson, Jones, and Harris on the Senate Committee. There is also Billings, an ex-varsity star and now coach of baseball and football, and Howell, assistant coach of football. There are many other examples which might be cited, but space forbids.

In the field of research we have not been found lacking. McMilan has finally succeeded in isolating an organism, the *Staphylococcus Entitthenorsenthusus*, which he says is responsible for John Hunter's laziness. Craig Jones and "Sharky" Ray claim to have discovered a process by which one can learn without studying. Dr. Carstarphen, however, has not yet put it to the test. The hardest of all tasks has, however, been assumed by Booth, Foster, Hobgood, Perry, Way, and Woody, namely, that of trying to discover a drug by which Booc will be rendered calm and serene in the presence of the Professor of Anatomy. And lastly, that ever-essential piece of protoplasm aggregated in the production of the Circle of Willis is working to unravel the cause of abnormalities.

Our days at Wake Forest are about over and we look back with pride on our achievements, as a whole. Ours is the class of which Dr. Smith said that it was ten per cent better than any he had ever had. We have stood together as one, and because of this fact we have accomplished many things, most notable of which was the getting out of gym in our Junior year.

But we now leave Wake Forest to pursue our studies at another institution. Our greatest wish is that all the Pain-Killers (Augmentors) that follow us here may be as great in achievement and obedience as their predecessors of the Class of 1917.

HISTORIAN.

## Medical Class Prophecy

While looking over my mail the morning of May 25, 1931, I opened a letter from Dean G. M. Billings of the Wake Forest Medical School, informing me that I had been appointed at the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees to solicit subscriptions for a quarter of a million dollars for endowment for the school.

After formally accepting the appointment, I called on Drs. Russell Perry and L. H. Hobbgood, who, after discussing old college days, helped me plan an extensive campaign. It was decided that the Class of '17, having proven the most successful class, should contribute one half of the proposed amount.

The expense of the campaign was to be paid by Dr. J. Grady Booe, of Cana, N. C., now a thriving city.

The addresses of all the alumni of '17 were easily secured, except that of Dr. Way, who had magically disappeared. Every alumnus in the Carolinas and Georgia responded generously, but no large subscriptions were secured till I reached Jacksonville, Fla. Here I called on Dr. H. H. Foster, Genito-urinary specialist of wide fame. At the hotel that night I found Drs. E. G. McMillan and T. M. Watson, who had come down from their private sanitarium at Asheville, to play golf at the Rockefeller golf links. I learned that they were having great success treating tuberculosis with their new cure.

At Birmingham Dr. John D. Humber received me kindly. He was exceedingly busy with his eye, ear, nose, and throat practice, having just returned from Valparaiso, Ind., where he had been for three months taking treatment from the President of Valparaiso University, Dr. W. S. Woody, eye specialist of national reputation.

At St. Louis I had hoped to spend some time with Dr. J. S. Brewer, head of the St. Louis General Hospital, but learned that he was away at the Republican National Convention, of which he was chairman, then in session at Chicago. I then started for the office of Dr. Craig Jones, City Physician, where, to my surprise, I found Dr. F. L. Ray, of Mexico City. There he had gained a fortune treating tuberculosis. They informed me that Dr. J. P. Hunter, State Medical Commissioner of Missouri, was in the city for that day.

Dr. W. M. Strickland was forced by ill health to give up his extensive practice in Montreal, Canada. He then turned his attention to singing and, as he was scheduled to perform at the Academy of Music that night, I went out and heard him with pleasure.

With the full amount subscribed, I returned to Wake Forest. There I found a letter from Maj. J. E. Howell, Surgeon of the U. S. Army, then coaching the Army football team at West Point.

Thus ended the successful campaign among the most prosperous class of the Wake Forest Medical School.

PROPHET.







MISS IDA DUNLAP  
*Sponsor*  
MINISTERIAL CLASS



## Ministerial Class Officers

J. M. HESTER  
E. C. DENTON  
E. J. TRUEBLOOD  
L. L. JOHNSON  
G. H. EADDY  
C. C. BURRIS  
H. I. HESTER.

President  
Vice-President  
Secretary  
Treasurer  
Prophet  
Poet  
Historian

## Ministerial Class Poem

The fight is on, the armed host,  
    Drawn up in stern array,  
Await their great Commander's voice  
    To rush into the fray.

And Hark! His voice rings loud and clear,  
    In clarion tones it calls,  
"Put on the shield of faith, and on  
    Till every fortress falls.

Press on till every battle's won  
    And Christ your king is crowned.  
His blood-red banner streams afar  
    To earth's remotest bound "

We'll conquer in the name of Christ,  
    Our cause is surely just.  
In service true we give our lives,  
    In God we place our trust.

## Ministerial Class History

The Ministerial class of Wake Forest College is the largest departmental class in college. There are at present seventy-six members in the class. The class includes all students who are preparing themselves for work as pastors at home, as foreign missionaries or as medical missionaries.

The class meets regularly on Wednesday afternoon of each week. Dr. Cullom, Professor of Bible in the College, conducts this class which is devoted to the study and discussion of the various phases of the minister's work. In addition to the valuable work of Dr. Cullom, we also have the privilege of hearing lectures from the other members of the faculty, as well as from other noted lecturers and Biblical scholars who may be visiting the institution.

The activities that characterize the class are many and varied. Our men may be found in every honorable phase of college life. In athletics our class regularly furnishes men for the football, basket ball, baseball, and track teams. In the classroom their work is fully up to the average. In forensic and literary activities the Ministerial class has made an enviable record. In every literary society celebration and in every intercollegiate contest, whether in debate or in oratory, our men carry off their share of the honors. Neither is our class wanting in literary talent, as a glance at *The Student of Old Gold and Black* will show.

The present Ministerial class has played a worthy part in making the session of 1916-1917 so successful.

HISTORIAN.

## Ministerial Class Prophecy

We have a group of individuals known as prophets, who come into that office by two methods: first, by the doctrine of election; and second, by divine call and guidance. Prophets of the second type are men like Jeremiah, Isaiah, Amos, Hosea, and Ezekiel. Those men prophesied by telling the people of their times events that would certainly follow. They did not resort to dreams and various and sundry trips, nor did they depend on mysterious personages. Now, I am a prophet that comes under the first type. Prophets of this class generally resort to various and sundry ways of prophesying, such as named above. On the contrary, I am singly going to assume the role of a prophet tonight and inform my fellow ministerial students of the Class of '17 what the future holds in store for them.

The following men, J. J. Ballard, J. P. Crouch, G. Earp, Emory, and C. Glossom, after the completion of the fall work of their first year, left college, never to return. The first two will labor in the Master's cause in their respective home towns. The rest will try to imitate Sam Jones in their evangelistic services, but will fail ignominiously.

Elam and Gillespie will obtain a place of prominence as great theologians.

R. J. Hall, Hartsell, and H. L. Hester will fill prominent pastorates respectively in Raleigh, Selma, and Franklinton.

G. R. Herring, Z. P. Mitchell, Booe, and Kinton will become missionaries to China. They will do exceedingly effective work in uplifting fallen humanity.

Baltimore, Washington, and Chicago will each be benedicted by the Class of '17, J. M. Hester, Hicks, and D. E. Hill being slated for pastorates in each of these cities. Hurst will become Hester's able assistant. R. W. James and J. S. Johnson will work one year each as Hicks' and Hill's assistants, respectively, but will eventually give the work up and betake themselves to the farm.

J. B. Davis and Colston will work as colporteurs in West Virginia. Carswell will follow the same trade in California.

Campe will work during the summer as an evangelist in North Carolina, but during the winter months he will teach school. He will follow this up for a period of fifteen years after finishing college.

The following men, because of numerous reasons, will give up the ministry: McCall, Nance, Ames, Potts, Robertson, and W. R. Stephens.

G. B. Rhodes and H. J. Rhodes will hold country pastorates. Both met their future wives on Society Day of their first year. They proved good helpmates, too.

R. K. White will become head of the Department of Bible in Wofford College.

Now I come to my good old friend, Woodward. He will finally find the "Book of Consolation" in which he will see that he is best fitted for coaching volley ball. He will apply for a position as coach of volley ball in Yale and will be accepted. He will serve his country well as a good, first-class coach.

It is true that all cannot become great and some are destined to failure, but, as a general rule, none will bring reproach on dear old Wake Forest College. The college should be proud of the Class of '17.

PROPHET.

## Societies and Representatives



### To Euzelia

Hail, Proud Euzelia, fair of Love;  
'Tis thine to point men to the goal  
Where noble effort meets success,  
Where Wisdom stands her sons to bless,  
Where Truth and Courage, joined with Right  
Move on to storm yet grander height,  
While Knowledge spreads her welcome rays  
On all who tread her rugged ways.  
Thus mission well through four-score years,  
Through times of stress and storm and tears,  
Thy soul hath met. And still we see  
Thee young in hope and energy.

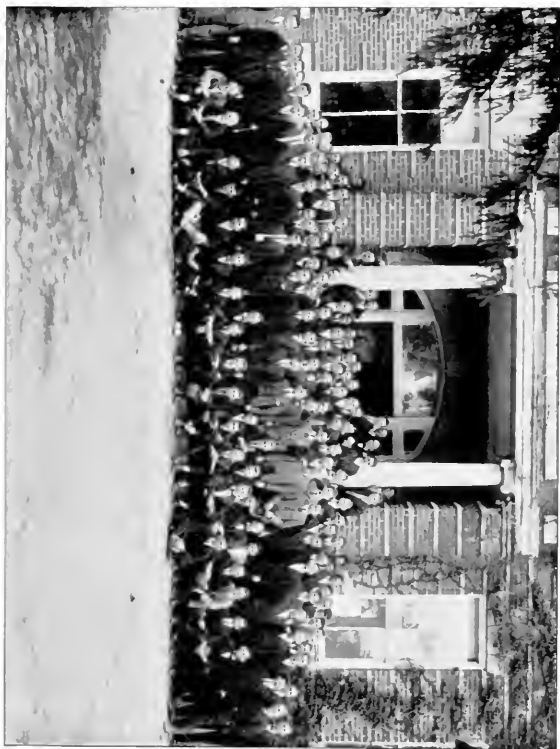






### Philomathesian Poem

Ere from this presence long revered  
Departing footfalls, sadly heard,  
Shall die away, some time-proof word  
With you, my sons, I fain would leave  
Bear hence this blessing I bestow,  
Stop by my counsels as you go,  
Be strong for right, scorn measures low,  
In God put trust, in man believe,  
Strive all brave deeds to emulate,  
Serve well in mart, in church, in state,  
Bear ye my name inviolate,  
And then, my sons, the crown receive.



## Intercollegiate Debaters



E. D. BANKS



J. B. EDWARDS

## BAYLOR UNIVERSITY AT WACO, TEXAS



I. E. CARLYLE  
*Alternate*

---

### Query--Affirmative:

*Resolved, That the Federal Government should own and control all the railroads in the United States — constitutional-ity waived.*

---

## Intercollegiate Debaters



B. M. BOYD



C. P. HERRING

## COLGATE UNIVERSITY AT WAKE FOREST

---

**Query—Negative:**  
*Resolved.* That the  
United States should  
adopt a system of uni-  
versal military service.

---



M. C. ROBINSON

## Intercollegiate Debaters



A. C. REID



H. E. OLIVE

## RANDOLPH-MACON AT RALEIGH



W. B. GLADNEY  
*Alternate*

---

### Query:—Negative

*Resolved*, That the Constitution of the United States should be so amended as to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

---

## Anniversary Orators



J. M. HESTER



J. B. RUCKER

## Peace Oratorical Contest Representative, 1916



A. C. REID

## Anniversary Debaters



J. C. NEWTON



J. M. HAYES



W. H. PASCHAL



G. S. QUILLIN



## Society Day Orators



C. H. STEVENS



A. C. REID



G. E. EDKINS



J. B. DAVIS

## Society Day Debaters



C. P. HERRING



E. V. HUDSON



L. S. SPURLING



A. D. ODOM



HESTER  
SECT. EU



COGGINS  
PRES. PHI

## SOCIETY DAY OFFICERS & MARSHALS



PASCHAL  
CHIEF PHI.



MEKNIGHT  
CHIEF EU.



LILES  
EU.



HUGHES  
EX. CHAIR



CARLYLE  
PHI.

## DEBATE COUNCIL



HAYES  
PHI.



BANKS  
PHI.



REID  
EX.



EDDINS  
EX.



G.F. WASHBURN  
ED. CHIEF



L.W. HAMRICK  
EU.



E.C. DENTON  
PRES.



S.E. AYRES  
PHI.



C.P. HERRING  
PHI. CHIEF



R.F. HALL  
SECT.



D.T. GLEEN  
PHI.



J.A. FLEETWOOD  
EU.



HUMBER  
CHIEF PHI.



BIVENS  
CHIEF E.U.

# COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS



HAYNES  
PHI.



ODAM  
PHI.



BLACK  
PHI.



LITCHFIELD  
PHI.



HUTCHINS  
PHI. BUS. MGR.



BRITTON  
EV. EDT-IN-CHIEF

# THE STUDENT STAFF



PRIVOTT  
EV. ASSO. EDT.



OLIVE  
PHI. EDT-IN-CHIEF



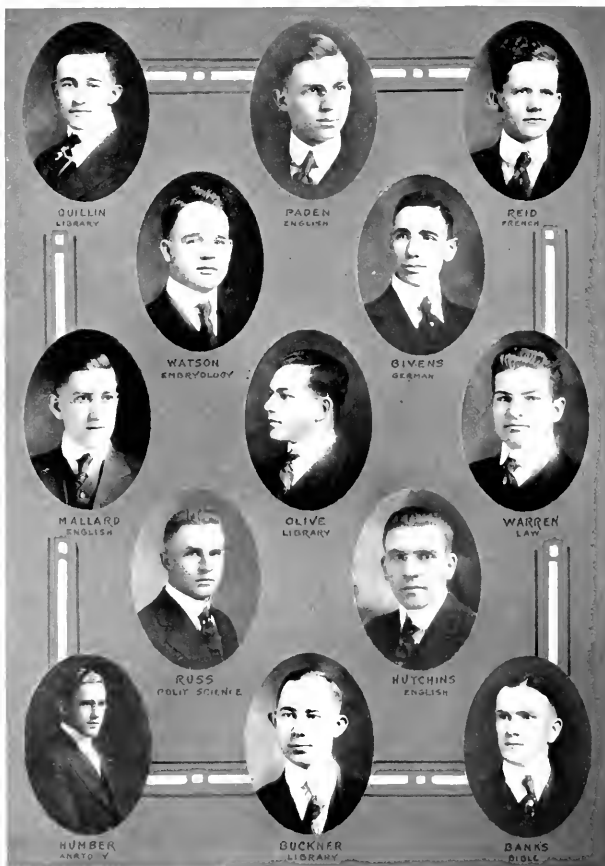
BALDY  
EV. ASSO. EDT.



CARLYLE  
PHI. ASSO. EDT.

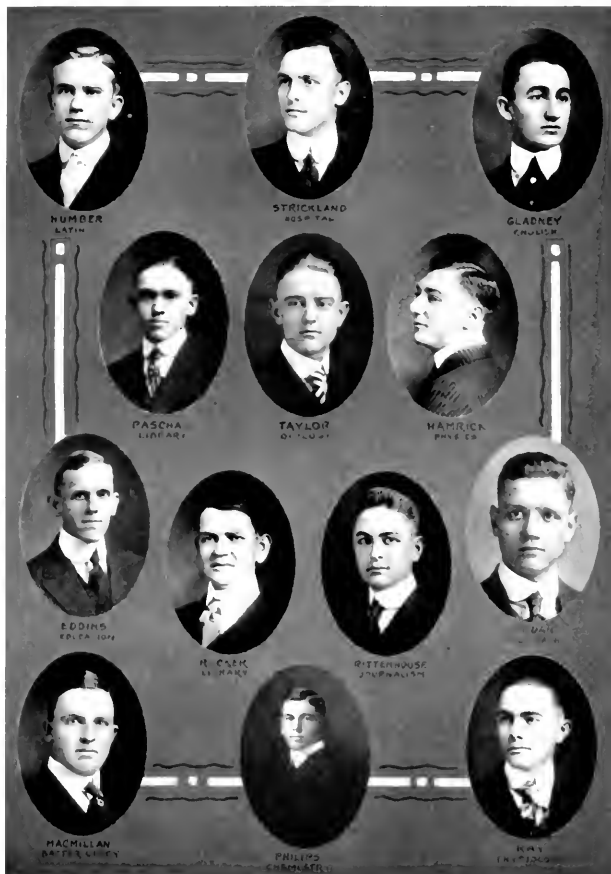


HAMRICK  
EV. ASST. BUS. MGR.



SCRIB FACULTY





Senior Faculty



STUDENT SENATE



HAMRICK



PERRY



BUCKNER



ARRONSON



HUMBER  
CHAIR



HALL



WARD



FLEETWOOD



BEACHBOARD

HONOR COMMITTEE

# Old Gold and Black

Vol. I

Wake Forest

November 11, 1916

No. 28

WAKE FOREST DISPELS PALMER  
JINX AND DEFEATS GAMER

INSPIRING  
MR. MATHEWS

EXCEMENT ITINERARY IS  
ARRANGED FOR CLEE CLUB



R. S. BRITTON  
ASSO. EDT.



R. R. MALLARD  
ASSO. EDT.



C. A. MOSELY  
ASSO. EDT.



GEO. F. KITTENHOUSE  
ED. IN-CHIEF



F. S. DANIEL  
ASSO. EDT.



F. H. BALDY  
ASSO. EDT.



R. L. NUMBER  
ASSO. EDT.

OLD GOLD AND BLACK STAFF

# ATHLETICS

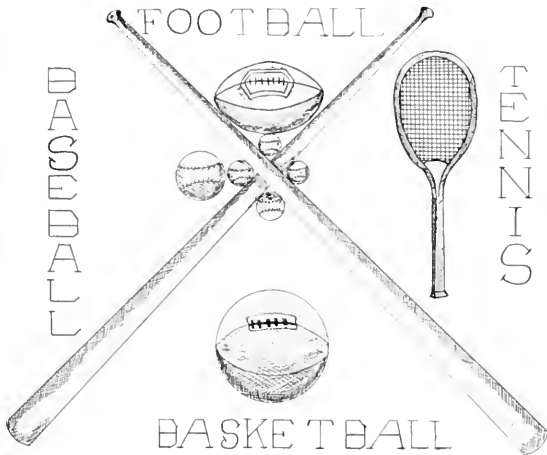


TRACK

FOOTBALL

BASEBALL

TENNIS



BASKETBALL

Wm. Dwyer

## Coaches



CROZIER  
*Basket Ball*



BILLINGS  
*Football and Baseball*



JORDAN  
*Track*



HOWELL  
*Football*

# ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



F. S. HUTCHINS  
PRESIDENT



W. T. FOREMAN  
VICE PRES.



D. E. BUCKNER  
SECRETARY

## OFFICERS



SPAUGH  
BASKET-BALL



RAY  
TENNIS

## ATHLETIC MANAGERS



WARREN  
TRACK



PENNELL  
BASEBALL



CARLYLE  
FOOTBALL





PARKER  
FOOTBALL



ELLIS  
BASEBALL

# OUR CAPTAINS



HOLDING  
BASKET-BALL



JORDAN  
TRACK





FOOTBALL



MISS TERESSA DEW  
*Sponsor*  
FOOTBALL TEAM



## Football

Wake Forest finished the 1916 season with a record of three victories and a corresponding number of defeats. During the season Coach Billings's eleven amassed a total of 107 points, as against 85 points registered by their opponents.

The strong Virginia Polytechnic eleven administered the worst defeat of the season to the Baptists; while the University of North Carolina with a three touchdown victory, and A. and M. with a one touchdown win, account for the remaining reverses sustained by the team. Wake Forest's first victory was won at the expense of Guilford College by a 33 to 0 score. The University of South Carolina was decisively defeated in Columbia, S. C., 33 to 7, and the final success of the year was the victory over Wofford College on the home field by a score of 41 to 0.

Football insignia was awarded to the following seventeen players:

CAPTAIN PARKER	Fullback
D. PACE	Quarterback
LANGSTON	End
HARRIS	End
OLIVE	Tackle
SHAW	Guard
CHAMPION	Halfback
J. PAUL	Halfback
CROOM	Halfback
FOREMAN	Fullback
McKNIGHT	Tackle
JORDAN	End
BLIZZARD	Guard
HUMBER	End
BLANKENSHIP	Center
SAVAGE	End
CORRELL	Guard

# BASKET

# ALL

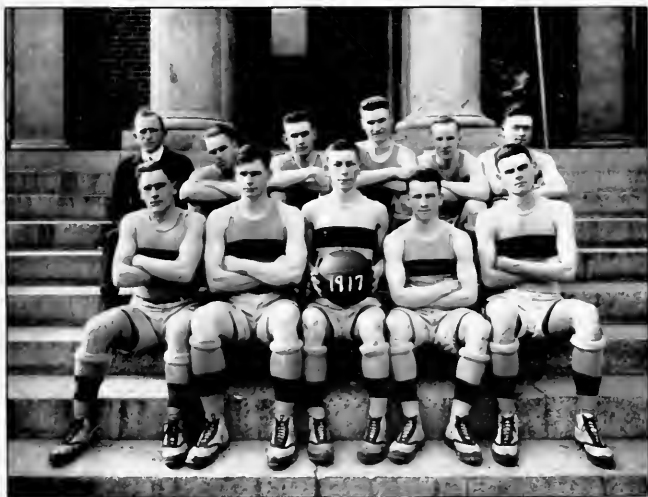


W. C. C. C.



MISS WILLIE MAE SAMs  
*Sponsor*  
BASKET BALL TEAM





## Basket Ball

While not establishing the phenomenal record of the 1916 season, Wake Forest finished the 1917 basket ball season with an average well above the .500 mark, winning eight games and losing six. During the season the Baptists scored a total of 333 points, as against their opponents' 356.

The record of the season is as follows:

Wake Forest, 32; Durham Y. M. C. A., 19.  
Trinity, 37; Wake Forest, 20.  
Wake Forest, 33; Eastern College, 6.  
Wake Forest, 18; Guilford, 17.  
Wake Forest, 25; Stetson University, 15.  
Davidson, 26; Wake Forest, 19.  
A. & M., 30; Wake Forest, 29.  
Wake Forest, 26; V. P. I., 24.  
Wake Forest, 32; Elon, 20.  
Wake Forest, 23; Elon, 22.  
University of Virginia, 38; Wake Forest, 13.  
Lynchburg Y. M. C. A., 27; Wake Forest, 21.  
V. P. I., 31; Wake Forest, 12.  
Wake Forest, 30; A. & M., 24.





MISS SARAH FELLERS  
*Sponsor*  
BASEBALL TEAM



## Baseball

Wake Forest closed the 1916 baseball season with a record of nine games won, eight lost, and one tied, giving an average above the .500 mark. Of the eight defeats sustained by the team, only five were administered by college nines, three of the defeats being at the hands of league teams.

The most signal achievement of the season was the taking of the entire series of three games from the University of North Carolina. Elon College was defeated twice, and the remaining four victories were won over University of South Carolina, Guilford, Richmond College, and Liberty Piedmont Institute. Davidson was the only team to defeat the Baptists twice, while Trinity won one and tied the second game. Guilford annexed one victory, while the remaining three reverses were met with the three following league teams: Rocky Mount, Durham, and Winston-Salem.

The season as a whole was considered successful and much of the credit for the showing made by the Baptists' nine is attributed to Coach Billings. The Baptists' coach was confronted with a scarcity of material in several departments from the very beginning of the season. It was not long, however, before he had gathered a favorable nine together and the Wake Forest aggregation was looked upon as a worthy opponent of any nine in the State.

The batting averages of the team for the season follow:

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Ab.</i>	<i>H.</i>	<i>Av.</i>
HARRIS, cf. ....	30	12	.400
FRANKS, p. ....	19	7	.368
HOLDING, 1b. ....	87	30	.345
ELLIS, p. and rf. ....	79	27	.343
HERNDON, lf. ....	80	24	.300
SAMS, 2b. ....	56	15	.268
VASSEY, c. ....	70	18	.257
CARLYLE, ss. ....	79	20	.253
ROBLEY, 3b. ....	67	14	.209
SMITH, p. ....	15	3	.200
FERRIE, cf. ....	52	10	.192
MOORE, p. ....	13	2	.154
LEWIS, p. ....	8	1	.125



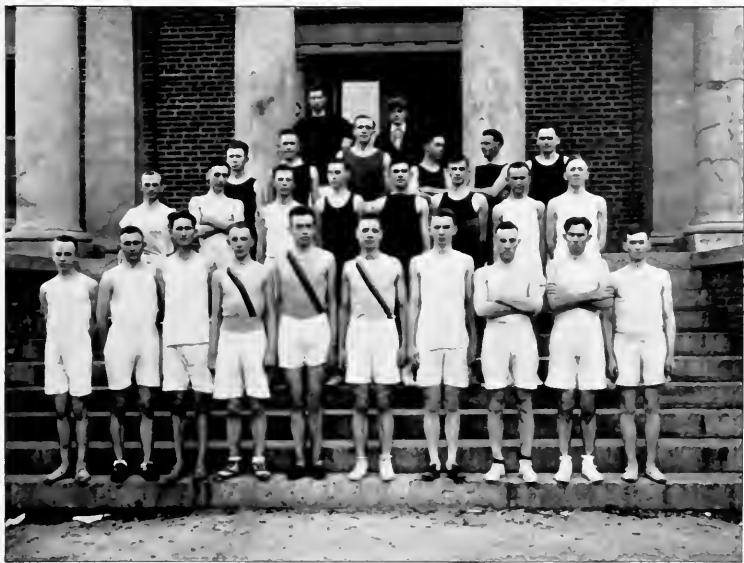


MISS HELEN THOMPSON

*Sponsor*

TRACK TEAM





## Track

With the completion of the new track field, this branch of sport has taken on new life at Wake Forest, and this year's team promises to be the most successful ever sent out.

The new field was christened on Society Day, when the first inter-class track meet ever held at Wake Forest was carried out successfully, and handsome prizes were awarded to the victors. The field is situated just behind the Gymnasium and has been graded and equipped, thus putting track athletics on an equal basis with football, basket ball and baseball.

Two meets will be held at Wake Forest this spring. A. & M. will be met on the 24th of March as the first engagement of the season. The other meet on the home field is with Elon College. The team has been offered several meets with colleges in Virginia, and will probably make its first northern trip this spring.

The complete schedule is as follows:

March 24—A. & M. at Wake Forest.

April 2—Trinity at Durham.

April 9—A. and M. at Raleigh.

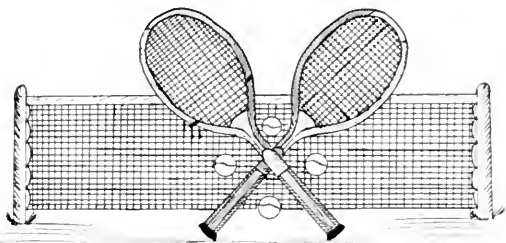
April 14—Elon at Elon.

April 16—University of Virginia at Charlottesville (pending).

April 23—Elon at Wake Forest.

April 28—State Meet.

# TENNIS.



Henry Davis  
11



MISS ALDINE BEST  
*Sponsor*  
TENNIS TEAM



## Tennis

Tennis is rapidly coming to the front as a favorite among athletic sports at Wake Forest. The zeal of a few tennis enthusiasts has communicated itself in a large measure to the entire student body. As a result several intercollegiate matches were played, a tennis club has been organized, new courts built and old ones improved. Letters were awarded this year in tennis as in other branches of athletics.

The success of Wake Forest in the matches played this year is due to the ability of Messrs. Best and Folk, who compose the team, and also to the expert coaching they have received from Bursar Earnshaw and Professor H. M. Potrat.

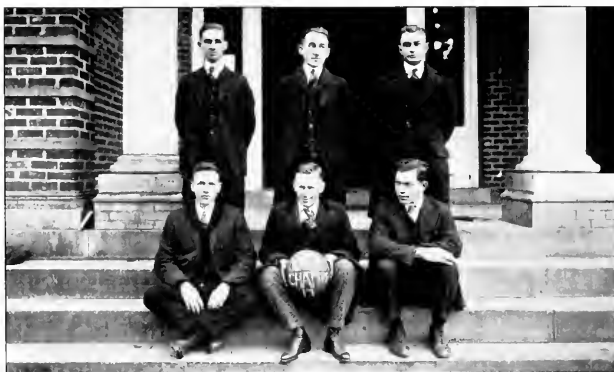
At Elon College, October 21, Best and Folk defeated the Elon College Tennis Team in an exciting match. Two sets of doubles were first played, Wake Forest winning by scores of 6-2, 6-3. In the singles Best took on Captain Hardeastle for three hard fought sets, resulting in two victories and one defeat for Wake Forest with scores of 6-2, 2-6, and 8-6. In the third set of singles Best performed a remarkable feat by pulling himself out of an almost fatal hole, winning the set that at one time stood 5-love, 40-love against him, the Elon captain needing only one point to win.

Wake Forest has also defeated Randolph-Macon in several matches, as follows: singles—6-3, 7-5; 6-1, and 6-0; in doubles—6-4, 6-2. At this writing several matches are yet to be played and at the present pace it is safe to predict that the season will end most successfully. Without a doubt it seems certain that tennis has come to stay and that in this, as in all other branches of athletics, Wake Forest will hold her own.

## Class Champions



JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

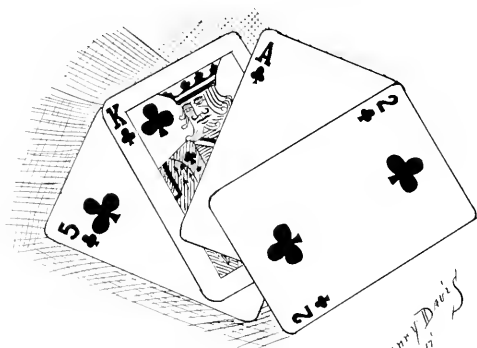


JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM



# Organizations

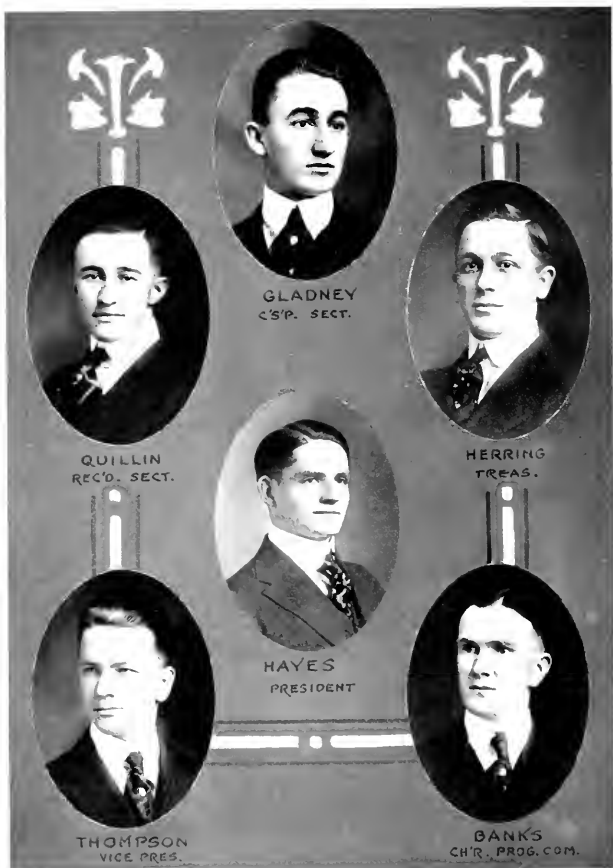
# CLUBS.



Henry Davis



POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION





WAKE FOREST COLLEGE GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA



CLEVELAND COUNTY CLUB



BRUSHY MOUNTAIN CLUB



HAYWOOD COUNTY CLUB



BOILING SPRINGS HIGH SCHOOL CLUB





NORTH ALBEMARLE CLUB



WINTERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL CLUB



DUPLIN COUNTY CLUB



SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB



DAVIDSON COUNTY CLUB



ROBESON COUNTY CLUB



OAK RIDGE HIGH SCHOOL CLUB



PITT COUNTY CLUB



JOHNSTON COUNTY CLUB



TENNIS CLUB



NORTHAMPTON COUNTY CLUB



MISS GLADYS CARSTARPHEN  
*Sponsor*  
 NORTHAMPTON COUNTY CLUB

## Bells

*Dedicated to the Shabbat Eater, A'ime, Pina*

After chapel, hear the bells

Dinner bells!

What a mess of bull and beans their rhapsody foretells!

How they clatter, clatter, clatter,

On those unbelieving ears!

While the hungry boys that scatter

On the campus seem to chatter

Of intestinal arrears,

Keeping time, time, time,

With a belly-empty rhyme.

To the invitation that so hypocritically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells,

From the lying, falsifying dinner bells!

ANIMSKY 1988

## College Politics

I was lying on the campus  
Beneath the shadow of the oaks,  
Amid the balmy atmosphere,  
Unmindful both of books and folks;  
Except one pleasant thought of Kate,  
Whose image still I plainly see  
And who in fancy sat near by  
And chatted joyously with me.  
But this sweet fancy soon was broke  
By some intruder hunting pie.  
"Hello, Old Chap!" he friendly spoke,  
Then told his tale and passed on by.  
Another came in quick pursuit,  
"Look here, old boy, I'm hunting you;  
I'm out in politics this year  
And wish you'd help to put me through.  
I'm telling only just a few,  
And you of course are one of these;  
The strongest influential men  
Elect 'most any one they please."  
When I at last was left alone  
To revel with my thoughts once more,  
I wondered if I could repeat  
Those splendid thoughts I had before.  
Within an instant 'most, it seems,  
I fled to some strange fairy land,  
Where there we strolled through shady nook  
And I held Katie by the hand.  
The birds were singing in the trees;  
The crickets chirped among the brush;  
A squirrel chattered on a limb;  
And Katie listening, whispered, "Hush!"  
"Hello, Old Friend!" some villain yelled.  
As he approached, I turned and saw  
Joe Dargun striding o'er the grass  
Politely sticking out his paw.  
I felt like kicking that bonthead  
As high as wind could take a kite  
So high he'd have to lunch at Mars,  
And then remain out of my sight.  
"How goes the politics, Old Boy?"  
I haven't heard a word from you."  
With anger kindling, I replied;  
"Curse politics, and curse you too."  
Some half a dozen men came up  
To see what now I had to say;  
Full five feet four I raised my height,  
And then proceeded on my way.



"Throughout the year you've had a chance  
 To show the men what you can do.  
 You've nothing done that's worth the while,  
 And now you ask to be helped through.  
 You 'numerate the things you've done;  
 The favors you have always shown;  
 The sad truth is, you must tell this,  
 If these, your facts, are ever known.  
 But let me tell you once for all;  
 My vote is never won by begging;  
 If you have proved yourself the man,  
 You've got my vote without this 'legging.'  
 The man who votes for some good friend  
 And disregards the work to do,  
 Not only injures all concerned,  
 But plainly shows himself untrue  
 The men who promise you their votes  
 Because 'twas you to them first came,  
 Show lack of principle or thought,  
 To let you canvass on their name."  
 While I was pausing for a breath  
 Each man dropped out and shunk away;  
 The line of dope I had for them  
 Was rather strong to hear me say,  
 But now as all was up with me,  
 Reluctantly I started on;  
 For it was useless then to stay  
 With rev'rie broke, and Katie gone.  
 I walked along and saw Jack Fry,  
 Who sauntered up and said, "Old Scout,  
 I've entered politics this year  
 And would be glad you'd help me out."  
 I was both mad and tickled too,  
 To hear why he so wished the place;  
 "My friends have urged me to come out  
 And now I mean to make the race."  
 This might go on for pages yet,  
 But here's my final admonition;  
 In planning out your college course,  
 Don't plan to be a politician

W. B. SINCLAIR.



# The Dissolution of Spizzerinctum

A Tragedy in Four Acts

BY

F. W. A. SPLINTERHEAD

AND

ROSE, SUM BOMSTUFF

## Dramatis Personae

K. WHITE, *President of the Seniors*

P. LADBY, *a Senior with the Spizzerinctum*

I. BALDY      *Seniors*

J. COLSTON      *Seniors*

*Other Seniors*

I. CARROLL, *Dean of the College*

*Professors of the College*

*Cook at the College, Entenagelch*

*A Chough, or*

B. CARRAWAY, *Chough*

## The Dissolution of Spizzierinctum

ACT I.

SCENE *On the campus.*

TIME: *Late afternoon, December 13, 1916.*

*Enter EDDY, from pressing club, carrying sundry suits of clothes on right arm; left hand in pocket.*

*Eddy:* I'll—I'll declare, I—er—I wish the faculty hadn't—er—voted down that petition. There's that Carroll. I—I—I don't mean to be bragging, but—er—but I've averaged ninety-four—er—er—ever since I've been in college, an'—an' 'tain't everybody can say that. An'—an' I've saved money all the time. The board gives me nine dollars per month, an'—er—er—er—I save two dollars per month of that when I don't make no other money. I've—I've made a success, I have, an' I did it just by natchel born spizzierinctum, I did! An'—an' then I got a big leg on the faculty, too. That leg counts—that leg counts, too.

But there's that Dean Carroll. He thinks he's too big—he's too big. He voted against our petition to excuse all intellectual Seniors from final exams, that is—er—all who make ninety. He voted 'gainst it just because he—he thought it would look big. He just finished last year himself, an' he says if it was then he'd be in favor of it. He says he's got broader views now. The horse on him! But I ain't scared of him—I ain't!

I got to take these suits up to some fellows now. But we'll get out of those exams yet. He's a sorrel-top stuck-up, Carroll is. The first time I see him I'll lick him—I'll lick him!

*Enter CARROLL.*

You—you, Dean Carroll, you think you're somebody, don't you?

*Carroll:* Why, what could cause you to ask such an impertinent question?

*Eddy:* Well, you ain't no better than nobody else—you ain't no better'n nobody else, you ain't, just because you're half-way on the faculty. I'd as soon tip my hat to a calico horse as tip it to you.

*Carroll:* Mr Eddy, your speech is discourteous.

*Eddy:* My words are better'n I am—I—I mean, better'n you am—you are. You went an'—went an' voted against that Senior petition. You thought it would look big. But I got a leg on—

*Carroll:* I have the right to vote as I please. My convictions—

*Eddy:* I haven't—you—you—you haven't got any convictions—you haven't got any convictions!

*Carroll:* You are a tale-teller, guinea-dropper, charlatan, mountbank—

*Buffs EDDY with gusto, scattering suits of clothes on the ground. Exit.*

*Eddy (gasp):* You—you red-headed sky, come back—come back an' I'll settle with you! You're scared of me—you're scared—that's what's the matter with you! You ain't got sense enough to pour water out of a boot with directions on the heel.

I'll walk his leg yet—that Dean Carroll—that's what I'll do. He ain't got no more sense than a speckle Irish potato bug—fish 'ater bug! I just tell you, we got to do something 'bout another faculty meeting. Now let me think,—no—no, I can't think—I haven't got time to think. I don't have to—don't have to!

I—I—I declare, I know what we'll do! I have it—I have it!

*Enter WHITE, BALDY, COLSTON; COLSTON is girded in an old bath robe.*

Gentlemen and others—mostly others. It ain't none of my business, but what are you all you all looking for? If—if you're looking for that blood-and-sunshine Carroll, he's run off that way. Come on—come on, let's get him. I'll help you—I'll help you!

*Starts in pursuit of CARROLL.*

*Baddy:* Hold, Mr. Eaddy! You are the object of our search! Where have you secreted the suit I gave you to have pressed?

*Eaddy:* Er—er—er looker here, I've got a plan. We'll—

*White:* We're not studying your plans! Where's my suit?

*Colston:* I want my pants and jacket! I got to go down to factory town to see my girl d'rectly, and I've been in bed ever since one o'clock, waiting for you to bring my clothes back so—

*Eaddy:* Looker here, let—let me—

*White:* Hey, what are these? [*Discovers suits scattered on ground.*] What do you take my Sunday prearling suit for? A good time?

*Colston:* I'll be doggoned!

*Baddy:* Villain! Have at him! [*They go about to assault and batter EADDY.*]

*Eaddy:* Stop! wait! look out! Er—er—er Dean—I—er—Carroll did it—we did it—he did it—Dean Carroll did it! [*They withhold.*]

You see—er—it was like this—like this. He—he came along here just now, an' I was—I was talking to him 'bout the pe-petition, and he got all mad—mad, an' when I wasn't looking he slapped—he slapped me right over—he—

*Baddy:* Do you mean that he attacked you?

*Eaddy:* I said so—I said so, didn't I?

*Baddy:* Then I covet your pardon. I did not understand the—

*Eaddy:* Well—er—well, that's all right. Dean Carroll ain't got a speck of sense, has he?

*White:* Let's black him!

*Eaddy:* All right, I'll help do it. I ain't scared of him, or—er—the whole faculty!

*Baddy:* Be not rashly spoken, gentlemen. Let us ponder upon the circumstance and weigh the factors of the situation advisedly. Mr. Eaddy, what proposal were you about to disclose?

*Eaddy:* I was just—just—just going to suggest that—er—we get the faculty to have another meeting. All of them wan't there last time, you know.

*Colston:* But exams begin tomorrow, and—

*Eaddy:* Well, make 'em have it before 8:10 in the morning.

*Baddy:* That scheme may prove feasible, gentlemen.

*White:* It's the best thing we can do. Let's do it.

*Colston:* All right, let's do it, then.

*Baddy:* Agreed.

*Eaddy:* An'—an' looker here, say—say—

*White:* Well, say then.

*Eaddy:* Let's—let's carry all our part of the faculty up to the meeting in an automobile!

*Colston:* Yes, let's do! I'll set back there on the back seat with 'em.

*Eaddy:* That—that won't do, you're too—too ugly and you're too much of—a bone-head, you are! An' beside that, that petition won't do you any good, 'cause you haven't made over seventy-five on anything since you've been here, except chapel.

*Colston:* That's all right, I'm a huckleberry over your persimmon all the same, especially round the girls—Yes, man!

*Eaddy:* I—I—I bet you'll never graduate!

*Colston:* Now you don't know so much about that. I might do it yet. It took Noah six hundred years to learn how to build the ark, you know.

*Baddy:* This silly prattle is futile, and we must be busying ourselves about—

*White:* That's what I say. Shut up that blame foolishness, and let's get busy. We'll have to see the college and get them to meet right after breakfast in the morning, and we want to be sure to get all that's on our side there.

*Baddy:* I suggest that we apportion the members of that august body among ourselves, so that each may—

*Eaddy:* That's the pep! I'll go see Dr. Billy now, I—er—I got a big log on him!

*Exeunt all save COLSTON, bearing their respective suits of clothes. COLSTON commences picking mud off his pants.*

*Enter CARRAWAY, wearing a red headpiece, with ribbons, bells, etc., singing—*

Oh see that star out yonder far,  
Beneath which sings the Whip-poor-willie;  
It is so fat and all o' that,  
Methinks it looks right much like Billy.

*Observes COLSTON.*

To-whit, to-whit, to-whew,  
What do I see  
Right here in front of me?

*Colston: Me.*

*Carraway: Speak! Came you from his majesty the King of Siam, or art thou the president's body guard?*

*Colston: No, this is nobody but me, just me.*

*Carraway: Pardon, friend. I thought you were somebody else. I like your mode of dress. Let me tell you—[He sings.]*

When I was in France  
At every dance  
They wore such garbs as those  
And pretty speckled hose.

*Come, friend, let's go down to the drug shop and get a drink. [Sings again.]*

Come on, come on,  
'Tis getting late,  
'Tis 'most an hour  
Since I have ate!

*Colston: I ain't et at all yet myself, but I can't go. I ain't dressed.*

*Carraway: I insist that you are most magnificently dressed. Come on, come on, I'll not be denied.*

*Takes COLSTON by the arm.*

*Colston: Turn me a-loose, or I'll—I'll—*

*Carraway: Come along nicely. [Sings.]*

Like the pigs of farmer Bald,  
You'll do just as I said;  
Why, they came whene'er he called,  
Three spotted and a red.

*Exit CARRAWAY, dragging COLSTON.*

## ACT II.

SCENE: *Same, with moonlight*

TIME: *Four hours later.*

*Noise of mirth and rejoicing heard approaching. Enter EADDY, BALDY, WHITE.*

*Eaddy: Whoop-pee! Ain't—ain't that fine! We got seven out of thirteen who'll be there on our side! I wish it wan't thirteen, but that don't matter. I ain't superstitious. Gee, this is fine, ain't it? No—no exams for me! I'll get home in time to see my girl tomorrow night!*

*White: We'll have to get out a special issue of Old Gold and Black in honor of the occasion.*

*Baldy: Yes, and a cartoon of the vanquished Dean Carroll would fittingly embellish the front page.*

*Eaddy:* Well—er—I—I guess we're putting it over on Dean Carroll this time, ain't we?  
We got the good old spizzerrinetum!

*Baldy:* Indeed, I am almost touched with pity for that ignoramus.

*White:* We'll have to give him a sugar rag.

*Eaddy:* We should worry about—about him, oughtn't we?

*Baldy:* But gentlemen, there remains one matter that demands attention. Who will assume the responsibility of awakening the professors who are in favor of granting our petition, and conducting them to the president's office in time to carry our measure?

*Eaddy:* Er—er just—I will, just leave it to me. I won't carry nobody that's going to vote against us—I won't. I've already seen the man about a big fine car—big fine automobile—to take 'em up in. Just—just leave it to me!

*Baldy:* That is well. Then we may disband, and seek rest. Good night, gentlemen.

*White and Eaddy:* Good night.

*Exeunt WHITE and BALDY severally.*

*Eaddy:* I've got him now—I've got that old Dean Carroll by where the wool's short. Poor—poor fellow—poor second!—he'll have to write some more dope now on Geometry and the Intention of the Universe for the Forum—he can't do anything else. In fact, he can't do that. He'll just have to take what I feed up to him, poor dunce. . . . Wonder who is this coming?

*Enter a Professor, unexpectedly returned from a trip out of the city.*

*Eaddy aside:* Oh my—oh—er—oh, this ain't right, no it ain't! [*Addressing the Professor*] Good evening, Doctor.

*Professor:* Good evening, Mr., oh yes, Mr. Eaddy.

*Eaddy:* I—I—I—I thought—er—you wan't coming back till tomorrow, Doctor.

*Professor:* No, but I was fortunate in—

*Eaddy:* Well, say, Doctor, how—how—er—how are you going to vote on our Senior petition?

*Professor:* Why, I thought that was to be settled today.

*Eaddy:* Yes, it was, but it—it failed, because—er—all the faculty wasn't there; and so they are going to vote on it again before 8.10 tomorrow morning. You'll be there, won't you?

*Professor:* Certainly, I shall attend.

*Eaddy:* That's good—that's the old spizzerrinetum! I know you're on the right side. I—I can go home tomorrow and take my girl to the movies! Say, Doctor, you—you—er—you are going to vote for the petition, won't you?

*Professor:* I cannot commit myself, Mr. Eaddy, but I see no occasion for letting you Seniors go home any sooner than the other men.

*Eaddy aside:* Oh my! it's all up now! That makes it a tie, and the presiding chair is against us. Oh gosh blame it! [*To the Professor*] Doctor, d-d-don't you know you—er—er on the wrong side—wrong side? You—you better vote for us, I'll bring you up to the meeting in a big fine motor car—big automobile, an'—an'—

*Professor:* You may bring me up to the meeting, Mr. Eaddy, but I can not promise to—

*Eaddy:* Looker here, if you're going to vote like that you can walk—you c'n walk, that's what you can do! [*Exit Professor.*] Blame it! There goes another vote against us, and that—that just ruins me! I won't see me girl tomorrow night. But I must—I—I gotter! I tell you what, I'll just have to keep that Dean Carroll away from that—that meeting, that's what I'll have to do—that's it! But then, how in the name—er—er—name of conscience—er—am I going to keep him away? He'll be the first one there. I guess I can hurt him so he can't get there, all right. There's lots of things I can do. [*Hears some one approaching*] By golly, there he comes now—that Dean Carroll! I'll—I'll hide behind this bush, an' when he comes—he—er—comes—I'll just hit him an' run. He'll—he'll never know who—who done it—who did it! [*Picks up a small stick and conceals himself behind shrubbery*]

*Enter CARROLL, swinging heavy walking-cane.*

*Eaddy aside:* Look at that stick—that—that pole! I hate to have to do this, but—er—the cause! I must—I must! I guess I got the spizzerrinetum.

*Carroll (observing the shrubbery shaken; aside):* Must be some blacking crowd out. [*Aloud*]  
Who are you there in the bush? I see you—

*Eaddy:* It's—er—er it's me—it's I. I was—was just—[*aside*]. Oh, the cause, it's lost!

*Carroll:* What are you trying to do back there, Mr. Eaddy?

*Eaddy (emerging):* 'Tain't none o' your business—'tain't! Nobody's trying to black you—  
to black—

*Carroll:* I don't say that you are, Mr. Eaddy, but what are you doing in that unseemly  
place at this hour?

*Eaddy:* Well—er—if you must know, why—er—er—I was just looking—just looking for—  
for a book I left there one time when I started down to the postoffice.

*Carroll:* Where is it?

*Eaddy:* Oh—er—er I haven't found it yet—haven't—

*Carroll:* Well, you had better scratch back there and find it, and then take care of it,  
and yourself, too. You must remember, Mr. Eaddy, that you are subject to our authority.  
You have already given me enough trouble today. [*Exit CARROLL.*]

*Eaddy:* Er—er—er—I hadn't oughter let him gone, but—er—he looked so—so pitiful  
I couldn't hit him—I couldn't help it. But blame it, I wish I had—er—popped him one!  
But then, I'm a sky. Well, so is he for that matter. But he must—must—mustn't—must not  
go to that meeting in the morning—he mustn't!

Let me—er—er—think. It's sorter hard to do. I wish he'd get drunk or sick or some-  
thing 'bout the right time, but he won't—I know he won't. Lemme see—lemme see—I—I—I  
have it! That's just the thing to do—to do! I'll do it—I'll do it for the cause—I will! Who  
says I ain't got the spizzzerinctum? I wait on the table where he eats—that sorrell-lid-top  
Carroll. Ain't that lucky, though? I got the old stuck-up in my clutches, I have! I'll do it—  
I'll do it, too, for the cause! An' I can see my girl tomorrow night, too! It won't hurt him  
much—it won't kill him—just make him sorter not well—an' then he hit me this afternoon  
anyway,—an' for the cause, too. Sure I got the spizzzerinctum—er—er—I—I reckon so. [*Exit.*]

### ACT III.

*SCENE:* College club dining room; table set for breakfast.

*TIME:* Following morning, seven o'clock.

*Enter and exit EADDY several times, hastily setting food on table; enters bearing two saucers with eggs.*

*Eaddy:* I had to be on the sly about it, but I did it all right—I did. Old sunset-top  
Carroll will fare common now—he'll catch it! In my mind's eye (that's fine!) I can see him  
eating this egg now. It—it'll make him sick as a barrel of pickled herrings that's been in the  
house where the meat was smoking. It looks good—sheep in wool clothing. It were better for  
Dean that a sawmill was tied about his neck and he was cast into the Forum! Ha, ha! It  
hurts me to have to do this, but—but the cause! This here's the poisoned  
egg I'll sit it here at his plate. This other one is mine. I—I—I—I'll sit it over here on the side  
table an' eat it in a minute when I get ready to go. Old clay-lid Carroll ain't a rat's tail in a  
pitcher when it comes to com-com-comparison with me! Wish I could stay here and see him  
swallow the dose. But I got to hurry—I got to go an' carry our part of the faculty up to the  
meeting on that—on that big fine auto-auto-automobile! It's 'most time, too.

*Exit EADDY.—Enter Cook.*

*Cook:* I jes declar' that-air Mr. Eaddy an' de mannishiest an' de mouthiest fellow I've  
ebber seed. His mouth gwine be his tarnation yet. . . . Lordy me! I wish you'd jes  
looker heah what he done gone an' done! He gib Doctah Carroll his egg in er cracked saiser.  
Heah's his'n ober heah in er good an. I'll swap 'em, dat's what I will. [*She exchanges EADDY's  
saucer of egg for CARROLL'S.*] I won't say nothin' to him 'bout hit, but I'll shore tell the Missus  
hy'm-aye, did I will.

*Re-enter EADDY.*

*EADDY:* Well, Aunt er Martha, I've got everything on the table now, and I gotter go.  
'Taint worth while to—er—er—to change anything, I got everything fixed all right. Just give  
'em hot biscuits when they want 'em.



*Cook:* All right, sah.

*Eaddy:* I got to go an' get my big, fine au-auto-automobile an' carry the faculty to the meeting. B'lieve me, Martha, I'm going to be some sport this morning, riding 'round with the doctors in a big, fine auto-automobile.

*Cook:* Dat yo' will! I bet yo' can talk to dem all, all right, if anybody can, I bet.

*Eaddy:* You're right. [*Exit Cook*] Well, I—I must be going. I'll just swallow down my egg before I go—ain't got time to eat breakfast. It ain't nice—ain't nice to have to give Carroll that doped egg—it ain't, but he can't tell any difference, it tastes just the same,—I mean he can't tell any difference while he's eating it. I sympathize with him—I do, but the cause—the cause! It takes a lots of spizzerinetum to live up to the cause sometimes—sometimes, but that's what makes me a man. And then he deserves it. He's the foolish virgin, so let him not come in to see the bride-broom in all its glory! Deep stuff—deep stuff! . . . Everything's all right now, so I'll go I reckon. [*Hastily gulps down poisoned egg, and exits.*]

#### ACT IV.

SCENE: *Front of Administration Building.*

TIME: *Same morning, eight o'clock.*

WHITE, BALDY, COLSTON, CARRAWAY, and other Seniors dispersed standing at the door, conversing excitedly.

*Baldy:* Gentlemen, the time is come, but there remains yet another professor to arrive to complete our majority.

*Automobile heard without.*

*Colston:* Here comes something

*White:* It's Eaddy with another man for us. That means one more vote for us. I wonder where Carroll is? Looks like he would have been here by now, he's so hot against us.

*Baldy:* Have you not heard the latest development? According to Mr. Eaddy, Carroll's stomach liketh him not, as it were. Indeed, Eaddy has more ingenuity than we are wont to attribute to him.

*White:* Yes, he has, that spizzerinetum. Good for him!

*Enter Eaddy, a Professor, and Chauffeur, in a Ford automobile.*

*Baldy (aside):* This addition gives us the lead!

*Eaddy:* Hello, fellows, we—we—I'm winning the cause! [*To the Professor*] It's going through—it's going through, don't you think so? You make a majority on our side, and that Carroll, he—he can't come—he ain't coming. He's sorter—er—sick, you know.

*Exit Professor into the President's Office.*

*Colston to Eaddy:* You've got the pep, old man!

*White:* Yes, sir, we'll have to give you good on this job.

*Eaddy:* Didn't I say all the time that we—we—I—I—I'd do it? I'll leave on the Shoofly and go to the movies with my girl tonight!

*Baldy:* At length, Mr. Eaddy, by a brilliant exercise of ingenuity in a crucial hour, you have abundantly atoned for all your previous bones. You are the hero of the hour, sir!

*Eaddy:* Oh well, all it takes is some—some—some spizzerinetum, that's all. I knew I could do it. But I worked so hard and ate so little breakfast that I feel—er—sorter had, just a bit—empty stomach, I guess. But I don't mind that. We—we—I—I won the cause all right, so I should worry how I feel. Say—say—say, I wonder how old Dean Carroll is feeling now?

*White:* We ought to appoint a committee to go and sympathize with him, oughtn't we?

*Colston:* Looker here, what's this a-coming?

*Enter Carroll.*

*Baldy (aside):* What apparition is this?

*Colston (aside):* It's that doggoned Newish, Dean Carroll!

*White (aside):* Let's cut his red wood and black him!

*Carroll:* Good morning, gentlemen. [*Exit into the President's Office.*]

*Eaddy:* Who was that?

*All:* Dean Carroll!

*Eaddy:* N-n-n-no—no! It ain't—it can't be! He's—he's sick, I tell you, he's sick!

*Baddy:* Alas, Mr. Eaddy, would you were right! But that was Carroll. Perhaps some miraculous—

*Eaddy:* Oh—oh my—oh me—oh mamma—look—look—look out—

*The poisoned egg returns to the scene, via EADDY, bringing with it reinforcements. EADDY falls to the ground.*

*Carraway sings—*

Spizzerinctus, spizzerincta, spizzerinctum,—

Oh, don't the poor fellow look glum?

Spizzerinctorum, spizzerinctibus, spizzerinctae,—

Poor Eaddy has it, and so have I

*Baddy:* Mr. Eaddy, what ails you?

*Eaddy:* I'm—I'm dead—I'm—I'm dying, I know I am! Please somebody telegraph my girl—her address is Poker Crossing, S. C.—and tell her that I departed with my name on her lips and a vision of her in my heart and a—

*Chauffeur:* Here, Mr. Eaddy, before you die, I want you to settle for—

*Eaddy:* Oh I am undone! I'm so sick, fellows! Make it up please, and pay for the auto—the big fine auto-automobile. I'll—I'll try to give a dime, for—for the cause!

*Colston:* The faculty meeting is over!

*Eaddy:* Oh my—oh my, is it? What—what—what happened? Is the cause lost?

*White:* Yes, it failed; tough luck.

*Chauffeur (to Eaddy):* The bill is three dollars—

*Eaddy:* The bill? Oh—er—er—oh me—I'm gone—I'm gone! Take the bill out of my estate! But the vote,—how did it go?

*Baddy:* Quite a surprising reverse, Mr. Eaddy. There was only one vote cast in favor of granting the petition.

*Eaddy:* Oh—oh my stomach! It—it—it ain't right—it ain't! Who was the faithful one?

*Baddy:* Be calm, Mr. Eaddy, do not agitate yourself. The faithful one was Dean Carroll.

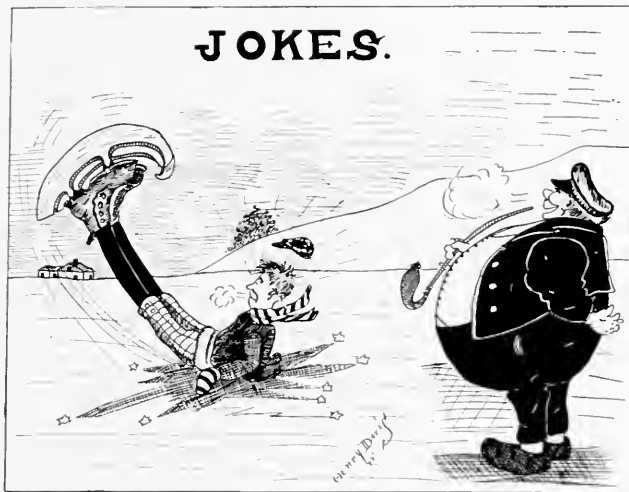
*Exeunt all save CARRAWAY, some bearing EADDY.*

*Carraway:* Ladies and gentlemen, I will now add to the beauty of the epilogue the charm of my voice. [*He sings*]

He plucked a red, red rose, he did,  
And dashed it in the dust;  
A freckled thorn stuck in his foot  
And laughed in loud disgust.  
A page or two of bone-dry prose,  
Some demi-wit pretended;  
An iron pole to bar the door,  
To keep out those offended.

QUICK CURTAIN.

# JOKES.





# PULLS.

## WANTED TO KNOW

If they allow you to smoke in the Library—Newish Beachboard.  
 If the Varsity football team is going to play this spring—Zony Hohbs.  
 If "Railroad" Mallard made the track team—Cosmos.  
 If they change "golfs" in basket ball between halves—Giftie Sandertford.  
 If I can get a "sweet" of rooms in the new dormitory—Blankenship.  
 When the frats will have their next meeting—Faculty.  
 To which pressing club "Finxtus" belongs—French O.  
 Why the Meredith girls don't appear in the movies—Newish Glossom.  
 How many girls Grady Booc had at Anniversary—Perry.  
 How many home runs Vassey knocked last summer—"Shorty" Ridge.  
 When Raleigh reestablished her saloons—Faculty.  
 How much Plunkett would be worth if his brass were changed to gold—"Sky" Hester.  
 What happened to Rucker after the preliminary—Dr. Pearson.  
 If they give Jummie Hester credit on his degree for preaching—Eaddy.

NEWISH EARP: Why doesn't Mig Billings play league football?

DEWEY HEAFNER: Look here, Newish, if you keep on fooling with me, I'll lick you.

NEWISH GRESHAM: Well, I don't reckon I am any better than Lazarus, and the dogs licked him.

EADDY (*pointing to a scar on his face*): I know the earth is a magnet, as you see it attracted the side of my head.

PHILIPS: I didn't know that a magnet would attract brass.

DR. GULLEY (*on Love I*): Mr. Boyd, what is the smallest estate a man can have in land?

BOYD: About six feet by three.

TEAGUE: What is the difference between E. D. Banks and a woodpecker?

BLITT: The woodpecker pecks for his living while Banks bores.

DR. SLEDD: Mr. White, are you very well read?

"RED" WHITE: No, nothing but my hair, Doctor.

DR. PEARSON (*on History I*): When was the war of 1812 fought?

"HARBOY" BLANKENSHIP: I am not quite sure, but I think it was in 1814.

"SKY" PRICE (*when the girl came on the stage at the Grand claid in red tights*): Great is Diana of the Ephesians!

PROFESSOR HIGHSMITH: Mr. Bass, do you know anything about the frats here?

NEWISH BASS: Why, yes sir. I saw something with a long tail going across the campus, the first night I was here.

Newish Robbins wants to know if Woodrow Wilson was a Eu or a Phi.

For any information relative to the ladies of the town, see Quillin, McCurry, or Daniels.

"SKY" NANCE (*at Meredith reception*): Miss Paschal, is this your first year at Meredith?

ROY KELLER: Well, I have dissected a whole human body.

GARCIA: How large was its soul?

DR. LANNEAU: What is rotation?

McKNIGHT: It is getting around without moving.

P. D. CROOM: Miss, what do you regard as a good definition for *lure*?

MEREDITH GIRL: It's a misunderstanding between two fools.

BREWER (*to young lady at Annecersary*): Do you believe in preparedness?

SHE: Yes indeed, and in arms too.

DR. GULLEY: Mr. Moses, what is a promissory note?

MOSES: An engagement.

PROF. HIGHSMITH: Why do you stand in front of the glass when dressing?

FRED HUTCHINS: Because I want to see what's going on.

DR. PEARSON: What history did Macaulay write?

LADD HAMRICK: I think it was Rudpath's History of the World.

DR. CARSTARPHEN: What is a colloid?

GEO. RITTENHOUSE: It's something similar to cabbage.

One night Rollin Warren was accompanying a lady home from the Glee Club concert in Louisville, and the conversation lagged. After trying in vain to think of some suitable topic for discussion, he patted the lady's rather fleshy arm and said, "You old fat rascal!"

"BILLY GOAT" TAYLOR (*in a letter home*): Say, dad, please send me a pair of socks, the boys wear 'em every day down here.

The last basket ball game on the scheduled trip was not played on account of the death of a member of the Guilford College faculty. "Luke" Vasey, on being asked why the game was not played, replied: "Because of the death of the faculty."

PROF. SYMOR (*on English I*): What did Gerdnon write?

NEWISH GREEN: He wrote Genesis and Exodus.

A gentleman drove up in front of the drug store and asked J. Baird Edwards to see if the store kept draft-boards.

J. BAIRD (*to the clerk within*): Say, have you got any draught \_\_\_\_\_, no I have forgotten. You ask him what he wants; I'm not familiar with medical terms.

In speaking of a conversation he had had with "Brushy" Moseley, Newish Farrell said, "I have been solloquizing with Moseley."

DEAN PADEN (*seeing a little negro boy entering the New Dormitory*): Say, are you looking for me?  
LITTLE NEGRO: Nah, sih, I 'se lookin' for a *white* fellow up stairs.

DR. PEARSON (*on Economics I*): Mr. Pace, what do you mean by "closed shops"?

A. D. PACE: Why, they're stores that have got their doors closed.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MEEK: Our sponsor is going to give her reception on Patrick Henry's Day.

NEWISH KENTON: Prof. Sydnor, are you going to the Newish reception?

PROF. SYDNOR: Probably so; should I wear a dress suit?

NEWISH KENTON: Yes sir, all the rest of the Newish are.

PROFESSOR SYDNOR: What kind of a poet was Coleridge?

SENIOR CLAYTON: Coleridge was like Napoleon, the poet of nature.

HORTON (*on Latin I*): Orpheus played on his lute—

DR. HUBERT: Lyte!

HORTON: ? ! ? !

Porter, knocking on door: It's nine o'clock, Sir!

Irate voice of Jimmie James within: Why didn't you tell me before?

DR. CULLOM: Mr. Eaddy, how far did the twelve spies get into the promised land?

"SKY" EADDY: Down to Jeremiah.

NEWISH RANKIN: What's that you are studying?

SKY HESTER: It's Hebrew.

RANKIN: Is it written in Greek?

McKINLEY EDWARDS (*slipping a cigar in Prof. Sydnor's pocket*): Say, I'm running for president of the Freshman class; can I depend on you?

MEREDITH NEWISH (*at football game*): What do you mean by three downs?

WAKE FOREST NEWISH: That means they have fallen down three times.

PROF. JONES (*on Math. I*): Mr. Boyd, how do you make Y equal X?

BOYD: I don't know. If I did I wouldn't be broke so often.

LADY: Mr. Meek, do you believe in dreams?

SUNDAY SCHOOL MEEK: I did until I met you.

JIMMIE HAYES: Hello there, Newish, where are you going?

NEWISH RIVERS: To get off Chemistry Dormitory.

SOPH. BASS: Say, Freshman, are you a Sky?

NEWISH COBLE: No, I'm a Eu.

DR. SLEDD: Mr. Shanks, have you read Shakespeare's comedies?

SHANKS: Yes.

DR. SLEDD: Have you read "Looking Backwards"?

SHANKS: How the dickens could I do that?

WANTED—A vacant office. Any old job will do. You can see me and hear me.

J. D. CANNADY.

DR. SLEDD (*on seeing "Sky" Williams slam the door with his foot*): That's right, Mr. Williams, use your most intelligent end.

ZOBY HOBBS (*during Anniversary*): Let's go down and meet 41.

SHE: Forty-one what?

Tobacco is a dirty weed—  
 I like it.  
 It can fulfill no human need—  
 I like it.  
 It makes you thin and long and lean,  
 It takes the hair right off your bean;  
 It's the derndest stuff I've ever seen—  
 I like it. *Selected.*

DR. POTEAT (*in Biology*): What is the basis of all Biology?

SHELBY MEEK: The microscope.

WHIT SHAW (*to Fessor Gladney*): What period shall I take this English lab?

DR. PEARSON (*on Government*): Mr. Foreman, who was it who said, "Give me liberty or give me death"?

TOM FOREMAN: Harry K. Thaw.

A certain Newish wants to know why Dr. Poteat hides behind the organ when he goes to sing.

#### LEST WE FORGET

That Eaddy is a Senior.  
 That Trueblood made the Glee Club.  
 That Curraway has been to Carolina.  
 That John Stevens passed the Supreme Court.  
 That "Bum" Rucker did not make the Intercollegiate Debate.  
 That "Chink" Britton invited three girls to Anniversary and then told two of them not to come.  
 That George Quillin was second Anniversary debater.  
 That the Newish beat the Sophomores in basket ball and football.  
 That Dr. Pearson gave Dean Paden a pair of roller skates.  
 That "Spotilla" Savage paid a dollar for a ticket to the Anniversary reception.  
 That Charlie Stevens spoke on both intercollegiate preliminaries.  
 That Wharton is still taking music at Meredith.  
 That Boyd was not chairman of the Debate Council.  
 That Professor Jones went to church without a lady.  
 That Fred Hutchins is president of the Athletic Association.  
 That Baird Edwards is going to Waco.  
 That Dr. Pearson plays golf on the athletic field.  
 That Dr. Paschal is the Faculty Athletics Committee.  
 That "Zony" Hobbs is out for baseball again this spring.  
 That a majority of these jokes were taken from old HOWLERS.

#### SAFETY FIRST

Perhaps the Newish was afraid  
 A Soph. might overhear;  
 Or maybe 'twas because he thought  
 His girlie's ear was out of gear;  
 But anyway, he didn' say  
 "I love you" in the usual way;  
 The clever Newish, he went South  
 And whispered right into her mouth.



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